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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Committee of Thirteen is meeting again as we write to consider the Abyssinian situation. It will no doubt be gratified by Mussolini's promise not to raid Addis Ababa, as well as by his readiness to discuss peace terms—at his own time and in his own way. Meanwhile this prince of cynics has seen to it that the war shall go on, not only with guns and bombs, but with poison gas, the use of which has caused indignation in this country, but can surely not be a matter for surprise. Spirited accounts of the slaughter in last week's fighting come from Rome, and Marshal Badoglio describes his latest battle as "perhaps the most bloody in the whole war." It seems that the Ethiopian commanders committed the fatal mistake of throwing their troops en masse against the vastly superior enemy, and the air has been full of rumours of a general collapse, of the flight of the Emperor and of a rapid advance on the capital. We have our doubts about all this; it is by no means certain that the Abyssinian resistance is done with, the Italians are still a long way from Addis Ababa, and the rainy season is not far off. Nevertheless the Duce has ample ground for satisfaction with the progress of his adventure, and with his calculated defiance of the cowardly League Powers. These Powers could still defeat him, if they had the guts and the common honesty to apply themselves to it. But they seem more likely to attempt a deal with him at the expense of the unfortunate Abyssinians—or, if his demands are too extravagant, to make a face-saving protest and leave him free to do his worst.

A German-Japanese Alliance?

An announcement from Moscow that the Soviet Union has a "mutual assistance pact" with Outer Mongolia, which old-fashioned persons would call a protectorate, has had some curious reactions in the Far East. First came a frontier raid by Japanese and Manchukuoan forces on a scale so considerable that some would call it an invasion. Next, the headquarters of the Japanese Kwantung army issued a threatening protest, which stated that Japan and Germany are united by a military alliance. Then Tokio threatened Peking, suspecting it of complicity with Moscow, and Peking replied with a protest in impressively violent terms against the Soviet-Mongolian pact. It is a probable interpretation that all this fuss is an attempt by the Japanese to maintain their prestige in face of a heavy diplomatic check. The truth about the German-Japanese alliance, which Berlin denies, may be that the Nazi Party and the Kwantung Army have made a deal behind the backs of their respective Foreign Offices.

The State of Spain

The postponement of the municipal elections, which were to have taken place throughout Spain on April 12th, is a measure of prudence, for they might easily have been

the occasion of new disorders. At present there is general calm, and there is no reason to expect this to be broken, though below the surface there is a good deal of bitter feeling—not unnatural in the circumstances—and there are rumours of plots among certain elements of the Right and in military circles. On Tuesday the Cortes deposed Señor Alcalá Zamora, the President of the Republic, on the ground of his unconstitutional action in dismissing the former Cortes last January. This step was expected, and it is not likely to have any untoward consequences. Meanwhile Señor Azaña, the Prime Minister, is active and confident of his ability to carry out a programme of reforms that will be drastic enough to satisfy the Left—for the time being at any rate—and not too revolutionary to upset the bourgeoisie. In an interview which he gave to Mr. Louis Fischer in Madrid the other day, and which was published in *Reynolds' News* last Sunday, he described his aim as "a very Left republic with an admixture of some Socialist innovations." Land reform and heavier taxation are amongst the most important of his measures; and a very interesting experiment will be, as he told Mr. Fischer, a large-scale "restitution of land to the villages on a collective basis."

The State and the Individual

The latest decision of the United States Supreme Court brings out even more clearly than any of its earlier judgments the nature of the legal conflict over President Roosevelt's "New Deal." Mr. Roosevelt, in order to check stock exchange speculation, set up a special Securities and Exchange Commission to supervise new capital issues and stock exchange transactions. A certain Mr. Jones of New York, having asked leave to trade in oil royalty participation certificates, was summoned to appear before the Commission, which desired to examine him concerning certain statements made in his prospectuses. Thereupon Mr. Jones attempted to withdraw his application. The Commission refused to allow this; and Mr. Jones then questioned in the courts its right to compel his attendance. The Supreme Court—with the three usual dissentients, Justices Brandeis, Stone and Cardozo—has now upheld Mr. Jones, on the ground that to allow the Commission's claim would involve autocractic government interference with the liberty of the subject. The ground of the decision appears to be, not that Mr. Jones ought to be allowed to do precisely as he pleases, but that any allegations against him ought to be referred to the ordinary courts for judgment and not to any body set up by or under the control of the Government. This decision seems to strike at the root of Mr. Roosevelt's emergency Commissions and other agencies, through which he has been attempting to regulate anti-social speculation and disorderly individualism in American business. It will cause great rejoicing among the millionaires of the "Liberty League"; but it will also greatly increase the danger that further progress towards prosperity in the United States will be checked by another speculative boom like that of 1928–9.

Anti-Semitism in Poland

Anti-Semitic persecution in Poland has in recent years been overshadowed by the ferocity of the Nazis in Germany. But during the last few months the propaganda of the Polish Endek party has been intensified and as a result many Jews have been killed, hundreds have been wounded and thousands have been reduced to desperate poverty. Window-smashing, looting and the picketing of Jewish shops have become common in the big cities, and trade with the peasants, which once provided the Jews with one of their main sources of revenue, has been effectively hampered. Fortunately, terrorism has not been made, as in Germany, an intrinsic part of the technique of Government. Police reinforcements are drafted into those districts where outbreaks are feared, and as yet no Julius Streicher has been charged officially with the task of whipping up racial hatred. At the same time little restraint is placed on the spread of anti-Semitic literature. This week twenty-four anti-Semitic terrorists were sent to prison for organising bombing outrages against Jewish shops. All the accused belonged to the Endek party and the leaders received heavy sentences. It is to be hoped that this trial reveals a determination on the part of the Government to check anti-Semitism at its source. Defending counsel claimed that these crimes had been committed for "patriotic reasons" and "idealistic motives." It is satisfactory to know that in Poland the words "patriotism" and "idealism" have not yet acquired the same significance as they have among the Nazis.

General Hertzog's Triumph

By an overwhelming majority and amid scenes of great jubilation the Native Representation Bill passed its third reading this week in a joint session of the South African Parliament. Outside South Africa such a measure is not likely to arouse much enthusiasm. Its purpose is to restrict the political privileges of the native in the one province in which he has the chance of acquiring the status of a citizen. Native voters are to be transferred to a separate roll with the power to return three European representatives. At the same time a Native Representative Council with purely advisory powers is to be instituted in order to inculcate among the natives a sense of that political responsibility which they are never to be allowed to exercise. Mr. Hofmeyr made a courageous attack on the Bill on the grounds that there was no justice in taking away the right of the franchise enjoyed without abuse for eighty years. He claimed that this attempt to impose a permanent limitation on native representation might lay the foundations of a severe racial conflict in the future. Such prophecies, however, had no effect on General Hertzog, whose systematic attack on the rights of the natives has now been brought to such a triumphant conclusion.

Equal Pay

Mr. Baldwin chose to sacrifice a major social issue to considerations of prestige, when he used the party whip to compel the Commons to reverse their vote on equal pay for men and women in the Civil Service. But neither prestige nor economy can excuse the flatly reactionary speech he delivered. He opposed equal pay because he wishes that considerably larger numbers of women should enter industry as wage-earners. In other words, he would retain the cheapness of women's labour as the inducement to employers to favour it. That is to call in one sex to reduce the standard of living of both. Miss Rathbone made the one constructive speech of the debate when

she urged the adoption of family allowances in the Civil Service. On many grounds, but chiefly to ensure an adequate standard of life to the children of the poorer strata of workers' families, we support the provision of family allowances as a first charge on the national income. But the cost of a general scheme will daunt any save the most resolute Socialist Government. There is no such objection to the adoption of the idea within the Civil Service. For this successful precedents exist in several other countries. In no other way can the customary objection to equal pay be met—that the burdens of women (mainly spinsters) and men (mainly married) are not equal, though their qualifications may be so.

The Income Tax

It has taken the Committee on Income Tax codification eight and a half years to find its way through the maze of Acts and decisions affecting liability to tax and to prepare a Report and draft a Bill. The resulting measure, designed to simplify the law and make it more intelligible to the taxpayer, consists of 417 clauses and 8 schedules; and the Committee includes in its Report a warning that income tax law must by its nature be highly technical and can never be easy for the ordinary taxpayer to understand. There is, however, some hope that the revisions now proposed will do something to simplify the law by clearing up its present confusions and illogicalities. If the Bill is passed, the existing traditional schedules will disappear, and instead there will be a classification of incomes under fifteen heads, including for the first time a clear division between income arising at home and abroad. An attempt has been made to lay down a consistent definition of trading profit, and also to clear up the vexed question of "residence" as affecting liability to tax. It is also proposed to alter the method of allowing for wear and tear of machinery, by making the reduction before instead of after the profits have been determined. There are many other proposals embodied in the draft, which is far too long and detailed for cursory comment. Certainly before it becomes law there will be plenty of objectors ready to pick holes in it; for the income-tax payers are the most skilfully advised section of the whole tax-paying public.

Food Storage

A constructive Opposition would contrive to divert the attention of this Government, more successfully than it has yet done, to the problem of food storage in time of war. There is no assurance, hardly even a likelihood, that by increasing the cruiser fleet from fifty to seventy vessels convoys of wheat and meat can be protected against hydroplane and submarine attack. Failing any initiative on the part of the Government in the interest of the consumer, there is now a risk that food storage may be promoted from exactly the wrong angle. The *Times*, in an article that frankly faced the danger of starvation in the early phases of war, has backed the suggestion that the Canadian Wheat Pool which maintains vast stores in Canada should transfer them in part to this island. But the purpose of the Pool is to sustain prices at the highest possible level in peace as in war. Storage, as we conceive it, would rather use the power of this country as the largest buyer in the world to stabilise prices at a reasonable level on the basis of long-term contracts offered to all the organised producers. A reserve would be its indispensable weapon in bargaining. This plan involves the disinterested organisation of the whole business of supply, in which the storage of a reserve is only a part, though a vital part. To abandon the control of our island reserve to a single group of overseas producers would be to invite exploitation.

Employment Better

The employment figures for March are undoubtedly a considerable improvement, even apart from seasonal changes. Every important industry except coal-mining records an advance; and, though in most cases the upward movement is not very great, it is satisfactorily spread over a wide variety of occupations and areas. The improvement is greatest in building, in which more than seasonal expansion has taken place after the contraction due to bad weather earlier in the year. Public works contracting has also expanded with greater activity upon the roads; and distribution, after seeming as if it had reached the limits of its capacity to employ labour, has again leapt upwards, probably to a large extent as a by-product of housing activity. The result is that every region in the country except South Wales shows an improvement. The number of unemployed juveniles is still high, and last term's school-leavers have not yet been anything like completely absorbed. But despite the decline in coal-mining the number of unemployed men has fallen. In fact the figures indicate a resumption of the general upward trend of last year. But the improvement continues to depend very largely on building and related services, and of course shows no sign of proceeding to a point which could in due course reduce unemployment to tolerable proportions or do anything material to remedy the distresses of the "special" areas.

A Hybrid Corporation

What a queer sort of corporation this country is in process of establishing in the beet-sugar industry! It is not a public corporation, like the B.B.C. or the Central Electricity Board or the L.P.T.B., for it is not under public ownership. It is an amalgamation of privately owned companies, empowered to raise fresh capital in the form of debentures, with a Treasury guarantee of interest behind them. It is to have a Government nominee as chairman, with a board of directors representing the private shareholders. It is to work for profit, but is to derive its profit not from its business operations, but from a Government subsidy which is to be sufficient to enable it to earn 4 per cent. on its privately owned capital. Its power to earn more than this will depend on the effectiveness in reducing costs; and the benefits of such reductions are to be shared in fixed proportions between the shareholders and the Treasury. Is this public or private "enterprise"? Or is it rather to be regarded as mere misbegotten mongrel—as devoid of sense or consistency as everything connected with the beet-sugar business appears to be? Or is it, conceivably, the new model for making the worst of both worlds which will commend itself to the National Government for other industries as the alternative to both Socialism and *laisser faire*?

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LOCARNO AND THE LEAGUE

THE debate on foreign affairs in the House of Commons on Monday threw no new light on the European crisis. It only exposed once more the feebleness and vacillations of the Government's policy and the disrepute into which they have fallen at home and abroad. They were attacked by Mr. Attlee and Sir Archibald Sinclair, and from their own benches by Mr. Churchill and Sir Austen Chamberlain, all of whom stressed the damage done to the League and to the principle of collective security by the Hoare-Laval episode. Mr. Eden's defence was not very convincing; but he did recognise that Hitler and his proposals should be dealt with by the League and not merely by the Locarno Powers. If that is done, and if the British Government mean something positive and constructive when they talk about "League co-ordination and control," then there is some hope of establishing a genuine system of security in Europe. Locarno is too narrow a basis, as Mr. Attlee rightly said, though the Foreign Secretary demurred to the phrase, and the multiplication of bilateral and regional pacts is useless except on a solid collective basis.

If this, then, is to be our policy, Mr. Eden should have less difficulties with the French, whose new "peace plan" is reported—we have not yet got the details—to be framed on those lines. It may not be to Hitler's taste, since his aim has obviously been to break up the collective system, to separate France from Britain, to separate the West from the East, and to obtain a free hand for aggression, at a suitable moment, in Eastern and Central Europe. All that is as obvious as, and surely not less important than, the assertion of German rights in the Rhineland, to which British opinion has shown itself so sympathetic. This sympathy, natural enough, and proper enough up to a point, the Germans have played on easily and with considerable success; a great number of people in this country have accepted the notion that Hitler's proposals are "generous," have taken apparently quite seriously his own claim to be the architect of European peace, and have ignored, if not actually approved, his designs beyond his eastern and southern borders. It is vital that we should get down to realities . . . "Fiat justitia, ruat coelum" . . . is a fine-sounding motto. But is "justice" an absolute? And if the heavens fall, will they fall only or even mainly on the heads of those who engineered the Treaty of Versailles? And how is it "generous," in the act of breaking one pledge, to offer another pledge of non-aggression? Why, indeed, is it "generous" at all for a nation to say, "I promise not to make war on certain of my neighbours for twenty-five years"? Nor should we delude ourselves about Germany's desire for peace. The German people, undoubtedly, like other peoples, would be pacific, if they were let alone. But they are not let alone; they are hypnotised and inflamed by rulers who believe in violence and have no scruples about bloodshed; and Hitler's call to arms in Germany would be answered as readily as Mussolini's has been in Italy.

All this does not, of course, mean that we should refuse to negotiate, and rush to counsels of despair in the shape of sanctions or the "encirclement" of Germany. Negotiations there must be—to discover whether peace and the Nazi regime are really compatible or, at the worst, to call the Nazi bluff. But the negotiations need not be, and should not be, simply on the terms laid down by Hitler in a "take it or leave it" fashion. "We are examining the German proposals," says Mr. Eden. Very good; but the Germans must also examine our proposals, and these will obviously include a good deal that is missing in Hitler's "generous" offer. Guarantees of non-aggression on Russia are fundamental. There are some in this country and in France who would be quite happy to buy peace in the West in exchange for a free hand for Germany to attack Soviet Russia, whether because they are indifferent to anything so remote, or because they would rejoice to see Fascism triumphant over Socialism. There are some who are equally uninterested in the independence of Austria or Czechoslovakia or other possible victims of a militant Nazism. But is it likely that a first-class war in the middle of the Continent could be so localised as to enable us all to go about our business as usual anywhere this side of the Rhine? War in Europe is indivisible, just as peace, if we mean to establish peace, must be indivisible. Hitler, as we are well aware, hates Bolshevism—he proclaims it *ad nauseam*. But that does not justify his embarking on a Holy War against the U.S.S.R. Many of us hate Fascism, but we do not on that account propose to invade Germany or Italy, or even refuse to make treaties with them; and there is no reason why the Nazi regime should be allowed an exclusive privilege in respect of its prejudice. Hitler has refused the invitation to join in the Franco-Soviet Pact; but he will have to give some equivalent earnest of good behaviour in the East, if these negotiations are to come to any successful issue.

No doubt, if membership of the League of Nations meant what it ought to mean, regional pacts and pledges of non-aggression and mutual assistance would be superfluous. If Germany came back to Geneva, no more would be required. But as things are, a good deal more is required. If and when she returns to the League, does Hitler consider her bound by the "Optional Clause" and the Kellogg Pact; does he accept the General Act of Arbitration and Articles X, XII and XVI of the Covenant? He might very well ask how much these obligations weigh with other members of the League—and with Italy in particular. But a debating-society retort will not dispose of the matter. The League as it stands is a puny affair, and collective security is only an aspiration. If the League is to do its work, if, indeed, it is to continue to exist in more than name, its machinery must be strengthened. It seems that the most effective way of doing that is on the lines of the Geneva Protocol which was put forward and dropped in 1924. Its essence would be a series of mutual assistance pacts, all included in a general pact within the framework of the League itself. This, as we understand it, is an integral part of the French plan. It would do no injustice to Germany, since she would be expected to come in and play her part as an equal with other Powers. She would have, moreover, as a member of the League, the right to raise the question of peaceful revision of the treaties, and the rest of us would have the duty of considering that question, baffling though it may seem. And she could, if she wished it, do more than anybody else to bring about an all-round reduction of armaments.

Whether the French plan will prove acceptable or workable in all its details, we do not know; one proposal, at least—the creation of a League army—is pretty certain, in the present state of the world to be abortive. But the general purpose of fortifying the League, of establishing a firmer basis of collective security, is sound. It would be easier to achieve if the Governments had a more genuine belief in the principles of the League, and were taking that resolute action which is demanded of them against Italy's aggression. But in any case there ought to be an undivided front between Britain and France on the method of treating with Hitler. If he refuses to consider our terms and insists upon negotiations on his own proposals or on nothing, he will expose the hollowness of his pretensions. And then there will be two alternatives—sanctions, which the French Government may press for, or marking time till necessity or reason drives Hitler to change his mind.

POLAND AND PEACE

POLAND has an opaque foreign policy which gives rise to endless misunderstanding, rumours and nervousness abroad. It is a foreign policy whose only "general line" is the absence of a "general line." Warsaw submits that it is prepared to be violently anti-German. But if none of the great Powers will pursue such a strategy Poland must be Germany's bosom friend. This attitude—the natural child of the French refusal to support Pilsudski's projected preventive war in the spring of 1933—encourages Germany and is therefore dangerous to the peace of Europe.

During a week spent recently in the Polish capital, I talked at length with Foreign Minister Beck, Finance Minister Kviatkovsky, the economic dictator of his country, General Burhart-Bukachi, of the Inspector General's office, Colonel Ignace Matushevski, the editor of *Gazetta Polska*, organ of the Government, several foreign office officials, foreign diplomats, foreign and Polish journalists, business men and "men on the street." Discretion seals my lips, and I cannot write what they told me. What I write is personal reaction to what they said.

The Poles, it seems, are convinced that sooner or later Germany will go to war. But the war is not yet here. "Europe is too nervous, too panicky," several of my interlocutors said. War may be delayed a year, two or three. Why, therefore, choose between one combination and another? Better let both camps court and pay. This is, or was, the conception of Polish foreign policy. But a weak country experiences difficulties in effecting it.

The present phase opened in 1933 when Hitler agreed to respect the Polish Corridor for ten years. It would have been insane to reject this proposal and Poland hoped to retain the old friendship with her allies, France and Rumania, in spite of accepting it. But there was much resentment in Poland against France, part of it justified; France had often offended Poland's exaggerated *amour propre*. Pilsudski and Beck had never been warm lovers of France. Warsaw's new and improved connections with Germany gave Poland an eagerly desired opportunity of showing Paris a more independent front. Poles talked volubly about being "a great Power."

Fence-sitting, however, requires skill, and, after a while, when Germany fixed Poland's gaze in an assiduous flirtation, Poland lost her balance and fell over into the German camp. The press of each country no longer knew anything bad about the other, and wrongs to minorities were squeezed into small type. German statesmen made visits, some of them unsolicited, to Warsaw and Polish hunting grounds, and official Poles made longer stops in Berlin. Poland began to echo Germany's objection to the Eastern pact and collective security, preferring, as Hitler did, bilateral treaties which are ineffective because they carry no element of compulsion. Polish delegates at Geneva appeared to be speaking on behalf of the Wilhelmstrasse; or was it that they had so identified themselves with Nazi foreign policy that no difference could be discerned between the two? The inertia of good Polish-German relations, moreover, soon drew Poland closer to revisionist Hungary. Inevitably Poland's relations with France, Rumania and Russia grew noticeably worse. Moreover, the corollary of the German-Polish honeymoon seemed to be a superfluous quarrel with Czechoslovakia about the treatment of Polish minorities in the rich munitions-industry border province of Teschen. The world commenced to assume the existence of an alliance between Berlin and Warsaw.

This is the background and also the central fact of the present situation. The Polish attitude to Germany consists of equal parts of fear and respect. Poles take it for granted that these sentiments are shared by other Powers. They believe, consequently, that if Germany goes to war enough nations will remain aloof to enable Germany to win. Poland's benevolent neutrality might then be handsomely rewarded. Poland would undoubtedly prefer German expansion in the direction of Austria and Czechoslovakia. A division of Czechoslovakia, which no official Pole holds in high regard, would raise no tears in Warsaw eyes. The Poles would presumably receive Teschen—are they now, through this paltry controversy, proclaiming their right to it?—and the Hungarians Slovakia, thus creating a common Polish-Hungarian frontier which, for unknown reasons, appeals to some minds.

Poland should not, out of selfish considerations, welcome a German attack on the U.S.S.R. The German army could reach Soviet territory either through Poland, a development Poland would not relish yet might not be strong enough to prevent, or via Lithuania and Latvia (with Finland perhaps co-operating in the north) in which case half of Poland would be uncomfortably surrounded by Germany. To-day's Germany respects the Corridor. A victorious and aggrandised Germany might want to eliminate that abnormality. This may be the logic of Polish disinclination to see an anti-Soviet military move. But in actual fact, her friendship with Germany enhances its likelihood. Were Japan and Germany ready to invade Russia, the Poles, even if they did not see the apparent advantage of joining the anti-Bolshevik front, could be compelled to do so. The Poles know too well the nature of Germany's and Japan's designs; they have been able lately to observe things at close range. The Japanese, for instance, use Warsaw as a co-ordinating centre for much of their military intelligence and diplomatic activity in Europe. Poland's foreign policy is dangerous, because it encourages the enemies of the *status quo* who are the enemies of peace and threatens to draw her into a conflict which can bring only harm.

Powerful elements in Poland see this simple truth. General Ridz-Smigly favours a more pro-French orientation. He is the real head of the Polish army, and the Polish army is the biggest factor in Polish politics. In a very direct sense he is Pilsudski's successor and political heir. He is a serious statesman. Since the great marshal's death he has kept out of the limelight and devoted his time to solidifying his influence with the armed forces. Now there are signs that he might like to counteract the excessively pro-German line of Poland's policy. The army has a French tradition. General Sossenkovsky, second only to Ridz-Smigly, is known to be Francophile. The military in more than one European country are less adventurous and more pacific than their civilian colleagues. But if the Polish army's pro-French leanings will merely offset without eradicating the pro-German sympathies of other quarters, uncertainty will rule in Warsaw, and suspicion and grave concern abroad. Moreover, it is not enough to be pro-French. If the army's aim is to replace the Soviet Union in the French security system, the total will be a minus quantity. There ought to be room in the councils of peace for France, Russia and Poland. Together with the Baltics, Czechoslovakia and Rumania, and also with Germany should she decide to adhere, they can guarantee peace in Eastern Europe. Unfortunately, however,

most authorities in Warsaw think the Eastern mutual assistance pact dead. (If it is, many hopes for Europe's tranquillity die with it.) England's collaboration—some immediately add, bravely facing the contradiction—could reconcile them to the pact.

The trouble with Polish foreign policy is its refusal to be guided by principle. It rejects the long view and attacks each objective as it presents itself. Some years ago a foreign diplomat, in the presence of Joseph Beck, asked Marshal Pilsudski why, since he possessed absolute power, he did not introduce the constitutional reforms at one stroke. Pilsudski answered in the words of Goethe: "In der Selbstbeschraenkung zeigt sich der Meister" ("Genius reveals itself through self-limitation"). This rule may work very well when one controls all the factors, but in diplomacy it breeds the worst kind of opportunism. Poland must decide whether she is against or with the violent revisionists. A strong French policy or a firm British stand against the revisionists would help Poland to decide. Yet since the decision may determine her fate she cannot always shift the responsibility to others.

How any sane Pole can calmly contemplate the Continent's descent into a war situation baffles one's intelligence. Poland can afford a war least of all. She is a poverty-stricken country. Armament expenditures break her back. Thirty per cent. of her population, according to official statistics, are non-Polish, and the Ukrainians, the largest minority, are not very loyal, even though their political leaders are now co-operating with Warsaw for the first time. Neutral or not, a European war might easily be fought on Poland's territory and ruin her.

No Pole denies Poland's terrible material plight. Joseph Poniatovsky, an accepted authority, estimates that of a total population of 33,400,000, nine million in the villages alone are "surplus" or unneeded excess. Poland counts 540,000 employed workers and 330,000 registered unemployed workers. The nominal wages of the employed are 45 per cent. lower than in 1928–29; their living standard 35 per cent. lower. The 330,000 Government employees and 300,000 private office employees are living at about 10–15 per cent. above their 1928–29 level. The armed forces, according to Government figures, number 271,510. All this in itself reflects a rotten state of affairs.

But 62.8 per cent. of Poland's population is rural. In the Sejm, on December 5th, 1935, M. Kviatkovsky, the Minister of Finance, said: "Poland has 3,300,000 farms. Of these, 34 per cent. are smaller than dwarf households and a further 31 per cent. are small households of two to five hectares. In the southern provinces the number of dwarf households exceeds 54 per cent. This great stratum of population which includes 10,000,000 people stands completely outside the realm of economic life and activity." They neither buy nor sell. One can imagine how derelict these 10,000,000 Polish citizens are if, as Kviatkovsky went on to say, the peasants who have ten hectares of land—millionaires compared to the dwarfs—spend on the average forty gold zloty or $8 per year per person. This means eleven groschen or about two gold cents a day. In 1929, Kviatkovsky declared, they spent $22.40 a year. Such a nation is not a great Power. Poland imports less per capita than any European country except Albania. Poland has weak industries, and although metallurgical, chemical and electrical plant has expanded in the last decade, her army is poorly mechanised, her roads are bad, and her real military strength therefore is limited.

Of late, the peasantry has been reacting violently against its poverty. In May, 1935, a serious insurrection took place in the Volhynia district which lasted several months and had to be suppressed with heavy armed force. A similar event occurred in Central Poland in December, 1935. Bloody revolts grow more and more common. The oppositionist National Democrats sometimes inspire them and often try to lead them. Usually, they are accompanied by pogroms on Jews. Anti-Semitism has spread since 1933. Synagogues are defiled, bombs thrown into synagogues, Jewish houses burned, and Jews beaten and killed. Jewish merchants suffer from disabilities, and in many districts Poles will neither buy from nor sell to Jews. The Government, apparently, cannot stop these excesses.

The only real solution of the peasant problem, which is Poland's great problem, is a land reform. Radicals sometimes believe that the redistribution of land to benefit the peasantry requires only a will to undertake it on the part of the Government or the ruling class. This is not true in Poland. Many owners would be glad to get rid of their estates in exchange for some money, which is so scarce in the country. If the State expropriated them it would ruin the national economy, for most landlords are heavily in debt. Moreover, there is no point in giving land alone to the peasantry. They also need money for animals, equipment and seed. The Government does not possess such funds. For a time, the Polish authorities implemented a mild land reform and divided approximately 2,200,000 hectares among land-hungry peasants—half of it the former property of Germans. But financial stringency has interrupted even this insufficient measure.

With all these economic, social and political problems to solve, Poland ought to be Europe's most passionate pacifist. She is not.

LOUIS FISCHER

THE NATION'S GREATEST ASSET

I

THE purpose of this and of the article which is to follow is to restate the case for land nationalisation. It has always been a strong one and no serious argument has ever been advanced against it except that the magnitude of the financial transaction involved in the expropriation of private interests might disturb the money market. Land nationalisation has suffered in the past from some of its friends, who have allowed their own peculiar beliefs in some mythical rights of man to obscure what is a perfectly plain economic issue, and thereby have prejudiced the case. For there is nothing either unlawful or immoral in the private ownership of land. The argument against it is that it has outlived its usefulness and that it is an anachronism and an obstruction in the modern State.

It is a very remarkable fact that all legislation concerning land during the past fifty years has been directed, quite unconsciously, no doubt, at counteracting the evils of private ownership. In 1884, and at intervals of a few years onward to 1923, a series of Agricultural Holdings Acts were passed, to regulate the relations of agricultural landlords and their tenants, the cumulative effect of which has been to transfer the control of farming from the landlord to the tenant. Land Improvements Acts have been passed to enable landowners to borrow the capital which they lack for the expenditure needed for the maintenance and development of their estates, while imposing no obligation on them, be it noted, to take advantage of the facilities thus afforded, even to prevent the deterioration of the land and its equipment. Indeed, it was thought necessary, in 1920, to give powers to the Minister of Agriculture, under the Agriculture Act, to take over the administration of private estates which were being mismanaged to the prejudice of food production and employment, though these powers were revoked in the following year. Again, a great financial institution was set up with Government backing, the Agricultural Mortgage Corporation, solely for the purpose of making loans on mortgage to farmers who were forced to buy their farms as an alternative to losing them, when their landlords' estates were sold. And the abortive legislation introduced in the attempt to effect a settlement of the Tithe dispute would have been unnecessary had not the land been in private ownership.

Turning to land needed for non-agricultural purposes, the story is the same. Acts of Parliament have been necessary to enable the Free Churches to get land on which to build places of worship; to enable railway companies, local autho-

rities and other public bodies to acquire land needed for the public service. A Town Planning Act and a Ribbon Development Act have had to be passed in the attempt to control the unconscionable exploitation of building sites and the destruction of local amenities in the pursuit of private profit.

This is very far from being a complete statement, but it gives some idea of the time and effort devoted by the Government to the attempt to mitigate the evils and disabilities of private ownership. And with what success? The agricultural landowner has been divested of the control of the use of his land, while retaining the responsibility for its proper maintenance. Local authorities and public corporations can acquire the land that they need, but at values which have been created solely by that need. Control of town planning and ribbon development has come too late to save many places from the evils of the unrestricted exercise of private rights in land. It is tragic to think what the loss, both in money and in amenities, has been to the community in the post-war years of unprecedented activity on the land, both rural and urban, through private property.

Nor does this tell the whole story. Legislation and State action have been supplemented by voluntary action representing a further vast expenditure of time and effort directed towards the same end. It has been necessary to form a Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and there is the National Trust for places of historic interest or natural beauty. The State has powers to schedule places of archaeological and historical interest as public monuments to prevent their destruction or decay. There is a Council for the Preservation of Rural England. All these activities originate in the need of the community to protect itself against irreparable damage consequent on the indifference or the financial necessities of private owners. And every few weeks appeals are issued, through the press, to private charity to save some beauty spot or natural feature, such as the Malvern Hills or the avenue at Stowe House, from destruction in the pursuit of private profit.

These are examples of costly and sometimes unavailing effort to preserve the good things that we have from neglect or abuse, all of which would be obviated by the transfer of landed property from private into public ownership.

Recently a new force has been at work which strengthens the case for nationalisation of the land in quite another way. May I quote from something that I wrote in 1925? "Circumstances might arise," I wrote at that time, "under which the community would be prepared to pay a price to secure a larger amount of agriculture. It might be thought necessary to take steps to maintain or to improve the standard of living on the land; to provide for the absorption of a larger proportion of the population in rural industry; to secure certain forms of husbandry normally uneconomic. But a condition precedent to such a course would be that the price required should be paid to the persons most actively concerned in agricultural production, both farmers and farm workers, and not to their indirect partners, the owners of the soil. For there is no answer to the argument that any benefit to the land will accrue, sooner or later, to the landlord."* The prophecy has fulfilled itself in part; almost everything that the farmer produces to-day enjoys some form of protection; land settlement for the unemployed is being organised; and the sugar beet industry, which could never stand alone, is now a permanent part of the farming system over a wide area. But in part the prophecy has not been justified; for all these things have been done by the State without the antecedent step of buying out the private landowner. The higher prices or secure markets for farm produce consequent on the Agricultural Marketing Schemes, the duties levied on imports, and the trade agreements with foreign and Dominion competitors to limit imports, are already being reflected in rents. The remissions which farmers received wholesale a few years ago are no longer requested. There is competition for almost any farm vacated, and rents are rising. Land, too, is once more attracting the investor.

The charge upon the community for the new national policy for agriculture has been made deliberately, in the interests, as it is believed, of the farmer and the farm worker; but only the nationalisation of the land, and that speedily, can prevent the benefits passing to the landlord.

There is, however, another disability inherent in private ownership of agricultural land. It is almost impossible to determine the capital value of the land as such, divested of all the improvements that have been made upon it. It will be within the recollection of many that Mr. Lloyd George's efforts to obtain the "original site value" of agricultural land failed from this cause. It is true, probably, that almost everywhere in England, agricultural land has no value except that which is represented by the capital laid out in equipping it for farming, with houses, cottages, buildings, roads, fences, drains, etc. Now this capital is a wasting asset, calling for constant renewal if the land is to be maintained in a productive state. In every modern industrial concern, reserves are made from profits for the repair and the replacement of worn out or obsolete buildings and plant, but this has never been the practice on the agricultural estate. Until the great agricultural depression at the end of last century, this created no difficulty, but since the application of death duties to land in 1894, the year in which, by a coincidence, wheat touched the lowest price of the century, a strain has been imposed upon estate finance which it cannot bear. To quote Lord Halifax, when he was Minister of Agriculture—"any of us who are accustomed to live in the country see to-day a deterioration in what I may call the capital equipment of the land and the soil, whether in buildings or in drainage. I could go on indefinitely through the category in which we see that process at work." To-day there must be very few estates upon which a full year's income could not be laid out, with advantage, on repairs and improvements for the greater efficiency of farming.

Now death duties and high taxes are the common lot, and landowners cannot expect, nor do they often ask for, preferential treatment. But there is no free market in land, and whereas the heir to an estate in stocks and shares can realise that portion which the State demands by a transaction carried out in a few minutes on the Stock Exchange, the heir to an estate in land has no such resource. Moreover, there are often strong ties of sentiment binding the landlord to his estate and to the people on it, which are not experienced by the inheritor of Conversion Loan or shares in Woolworths. And so, partly from the difficulty of selling, and partly from the reluctance to sell, death duties are often met by mortgages or other loans, and revenue which should be available for the maintenance and the development of the property has to be applied to meeting interest and sinking fund payments. Alternatively, the estate comes under the hammer and the tenants must become reluctant landlords if they do not wish to see their homes sold over their heads. Owner occupation has not been a feature of modern farming in England. The farmer has preferred to have all his money available as working capital, on the largest holding that it will stock, instead of locking up a large part of it in the freehold of a smaller farm. It follows that the tenant who buys his farm perforce is always undercapitalised, and the neglect of the equipment is inevitable.

The only remedy for the position is State purchase of the land. Nor must it be inferred that if land is a bad bargain for the tenant and an incubus to the heir to broad acres, it would be a bad bargain for the State. On many properties to-day the difficulties recited above are unknown. Mining royalties, building values, and such like, suffice to subsidise the other parts of the property, and if the State were to be the sole landowner, there would be revenue and to spare to meet the interest on the Land Stock issued in payment for the land, and to maintain and develop rural industry. Only under private ownership shall we continue to witness the amassing of wealth on the one hand, from the exploitation of minerals

* Orwin, C. S., and Peel, W. R. *The Tenure of Agricultural Land.* Cambridge University Press.

and building values, and the slow deterioration, on the other hand, of agricultural land and rural life. Next week I hope to suggest how the transfer could be made.

C. S. ORWIN

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to "Pigeon."

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

But the first prize for bravery in defying superstition ought surely to go to the bride at Pinner, Middlesex, who a few months ago was married while standing beneath a ladder! The ceremony took place in the parish church, which was undergoing repairs, and the ladder was fixed in the chancel.—*Evening Standard.*

The anti-French feeling in this country must be tremendous. What can you expect in regard to a country which, obviously in order to make us feel small, publishes figures of the Normandie's increased size on the very day when the Queen Mary makes her first journey?—Letter in *Daily Express.*

The many friends of Italy all over the world cannot but deplore the reports that the Italian forces in Abyssinia are using poison gas. These reports are at present unconfirmed. But they are so persistent as to cause anxiety. It is, of course, possible that they are due to that extravagance of imagination which the passionate emotions of the battlefield are apt to engender.—*Daily Mail* leader.

Certainly the death of a gallant horse like old True Blue or Avenger is a matter to mourn as one mourns the death of a gallant friend killed in war. There is something surely amiss with the man to whom Aintree, with its splendid spectacle of British courage and endurance, does not bring a catch in the throat. May its shadow never grow less, for it is—England.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph.*

Mrs. Baldwin received the guests and firmly divided them by sex into teas and sherries.—*Star.*

Many of England's beauty parlours are observing the period of national mourning by putting lotions, scents and powders in black glass containers. And a nation wearing black, white, purple and lavender has changed the trend in make-up, too, with a decided fashion for violet eye-shadow, and powders with a tendency to give a pale, delicate look.—Fashion paper.

I would suggest that all men under 50 who have been unemployed for two years or longer should be required to enlist whether married or single. Surely in no other country are such enormous numbers of men allowed to live in comparative comfort and contribute nothing to the nation except hordes of children which the State has to maintain. —*West London Observer.*

PALESTINE—PROSPERITY AND STRIFE

THE publication by the Government of Palestine of the estimates of revenue and expenditure for the financial year ending March 31st, 1936, indicates the steady economic prosperity of that little land despite the rumblings of war in the Mediterranean. There was an estimated surplus at the end of the year of over five million pounds, which was an increase of over £500,000 on the surplus for the year 1934–5. At the same time, the Government was applying to extraordinary public works out of the year's revenue the sum of over £1,000,000, for school buildings, post-offices, new roads, water supplies, improvements of the Jaffa Port and airports. The customs revenue alone has risen in the last two years from £1,800,000 to £2,800,000; and is now equal to the total revenue a few years ago. The registered immigration of the year 1935 reached a higher figure than any recorded—in the neighbourhood of 60,000—and that total does not take account of a leakage of both Arab and Jewish immigrants who enter the country illicitly. Of the 60,000, nearly one-quarter came from Germany; and these immigrants, mostly young persons, bring into Palestine an enthusiasm and a method which will be of the greatest value in the future development of the country.

Nevertheless, during the last months clouds have appeared in the sky. They are partly economic and partly political. The general nervousness in the Mediterranean region was exaggerated in Palestine, and produced a reaction against a boundless optimism. It had one welcome result, of putting an end to the fever of speculation in land. On the other hand, it checked the flow of capital for constructive purposes, and that in turn produced a small unemployment in place of the under-employment experienced during the last two years. The *Eacop*, i.e., the Economic Absorptive Capacity of Palestine, was temporarily reduced; and the immigration schedule for the half year October 1935—April 1936 was fixed at not much more than half the previous schedule. The economic setback, however, is generally regarded as transitory; and there are indications that it is passing.

The political cloud, which is never altogether dispelled, is more serious. The High Commissioner for Palestine stated, before the Permanent Mandates Commission three years ago, that he intended to proceed with the establishment of a Legislative Council as soon as local government legislation had been brought into operation. The new law about local government came into force a year and a half ago, and the High Commissioner now proposes to implement his undertaking. He has laid before the Arab and the Jewish leaders the plan for a Council which should be composed of fourteen Arabs, seven Jews, two representatives of commerce, and five officials, together with an English President. The Arab and Jewish members would be partly elected, partly nominated by the Government; the English would be heads of Government Departments. There would be provisions to prevent action contrary to the principles of the Palestine Mandate, and to safeguard the fulfilment of the international obligations of His Majesty's Government.

The Jewish Agency and other Jewish bodies stated immediately and categorically that they could not participate in a Council so composed. They apprehended that the Arab majority would be used to thwart the purposes of the Jewish National Home, and that the Constitution of the Council was therefore in conflict with the obligation of the Mandatory to establish such political conditions as would facilitate the building up of the National Home. It was impossible for Jews in Palestine to accept the status of a Minority. The Arab political parties, which number not less than five, held a long conference before they responded to the proposals. In the end a majority of the parties were for accepting them, subject to certain conditions, while the more extreme demanded responsible parliamentary government.

Not only the Jews in and outside Palestine, but the English public which is sympathetic to the policy of the Mandate, have been concerned by the proposals for the Council; they apprehend that, even if Jewish members were elected or nominated, the necessity of calling upon the five English members to join with them in offsetting the vote of the Arab majority, and finally of having to rely on the casting vote of the President to prevent the carrying of measures subversive of the Mandate, must tend to embitter relations both between Arabs and Jews and between Arabs and the Administration. If the Jews did not participate in the Chamber, and the Government was called upon to uphold alone the policy of the Mandate, the tension of relations with the Arabs would be still more strained. The suggestion has been made that, in order to satisfy the two obligations in the Article of the Mandate, to facilitate the establishment of the Jewish National Home and to encourage self-governing institutions, Jews and Arabs in the Chamber should be on a parity. Liberty and fraternity can be obtained only by equality. Either, then, Jews and Arabs should have an equal number of members, or, as Mr. Amery suggested, no legislative measure should be passed unless it received a majority of the votes of both communities. If it were made clear from the beginning that the two peoples

of Palestine would have equal rights and equal power in the legislature, there would be pressure on the leaders to come together and consider what was required for the well-being of the country and the whole population.

The establishment of a Legislative Council without executive responsibility, and on the basis of the present numerical division of the population, will not, it is submitted, make for good government or for better understanding. It will throw a new and larger apple of discord into the arena. It would be the wiser course not to embark on any experiment until the question has been thoroughly examined by a Royal Commission. Palestine has suffered, indeed, from the sins of omission and commission; but the problem of self-governing institutions has not been closely considered by any authoritative body outside the Administration, and it is so tangled a problem that it deserves fuller study.

The other political trouble is the proposed legislation of the Government for the protection of small landowners. The High Commissioner has announced the intention of introducing a measure whereby no landowner will be permitted to sell his land unless he retains a minimum area sufficient for his subsistence, that area to be defined according to the productive capacity of the land. This is regarded by the Jewish Agency as a further attempt to curtail the possibilities of land purchase for purposes of agricultural settlement, which is the essential basis of the Jewish National Home. The Administration has from the beginning applied legislation for the protection of cultivator tenants, with a view to maintaining for them a subsistence area; and that legislation was extended some years ago so as to protect the rights, not only of cultivators, but of squatters who had enjoyed for a period some beneficial usage of land. The projected measure carries the restriction on sales further, so as to protect the landowner against himself. There is something on the face of it in favour of a measure of the kind; and the original Ordinance concerning land transfer passed in 1920 included a clause to this end. The opposition of Arab and Jewish spokesmen in the Advisory Council, which at that time contained nominated Palestinian members, led to the amendment of the Ordinance and the retention only of the clause for the protection of tenants. The objection to the new proposal is that the Government throws the emphasis entirely on restrictive prohibitions of transfer; whereas, in order to execute its obligation under the Article of the Mandate, "to encourage close settlement by Jews on the land, without prejudice to the rights and position of the other sections of the population," it should initiate an active policy of land development which would result in lasting benefit to both Jews and Arabs. That was recognised in the letter which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, then Prime Minister, addressed to the Jewish Agency in 1931, in order to clear up misunderstandings aroused by the ill-starred White Paper of the Colonial Office in 1930. A sound agrarian policy which shall be fair to both peoples in Palestine requires positive as well as negative action; and despite various inquiries and commissions, the Government has not yet framed any broad policy of land development. It may be hoped that, if it introduces a law to give effect to its recent declaration, it will combine with it a scheme for close settlement in which the Jewish Agency will have its part. Experience has shown that Jewish colonisation on the land brings an increase of well-being to the surrounding Arab population. What has been true of the coastal plain and the upper part of the Jordan Valley would be true also of the hill country and the less developed areas of Palestine in the north and the south. But for that purpose the Government, the Jewish Agency, and, if they will, the Arab leaders, must co-operate. The present proposals with regard to both the Legislative Council and the land appear to menace Jewish development and expansion. As the history of the Administration between 1929 and 1931 proved, the Mandatory cannot govern Palestine on the principle of the pendulum, swinging now to the Jewish, now to the Arab, side. It must all the time hold to the Golden Mean.

N. B.

SOUTH WALES NEEDS A PLAN

ONE of the worst consequences of prolonged depression is that it blunts both human and economic sensibilities. When unemployment and distress have gone on existing anywhere for a number of years on end, most people get used to knowing of them, and come to regard them almost as parts of the order of nature. While a slump is still young, men are content to do nothing in the expectation of its passing soon; when it gets older, they come far too readily to believe that nothing can be done—above all, if they themselves know about it only by hearsay and are not compelled directly to experience its obvious effects. Most of us are only too apt to be fatalists about other people's troubles—even if they really involve our own, but do so only in indirect and unobvious ways.

We are provoked to these sentiments which, if trite, are yet important, by reading Professor Marquand's *South Wales Needs a Plan.** We referred editorially to this book a week or two ago; but the subject calls for more comment than could be compressed into a note. The question that Professor Marquand sets out to discuss is whether the brave words which the leaders of the Government were uttering a year or two ago about the Depressed Areas had really any meaning, or whether we are to take the entire problem as shelved, now that a Commissioner for the "Special" Areas has been appointed, and thereafter shoved conveniently up a corner where he can do no harm. South Wales, in Professor Marquand's opinion, and in that of a great many people whose fate it is to live there, "needs a plan." It is certainly not getting one now. What chance has it of getting one, and what would such a "plan" involve?

The plans—for alternatives are offered—outlined in this book have no savour of economic revolution. They are described respectively as a "blue plan" and a "pink plan"—the former addressed to Mr. Baldwin and his supporters, and so framed as to be entirely consistent with their sleepless devotion to "private enterprise," and the latter to the Labour Party. As Mr. Baldwin is in power, and the Labour Party is not—the book was written before the General Election—it seems best to take the "blue" plan as our starting point; for assuredly there is no chance of the present Government going even the palest shade of pink.

What, then, does Professor Marquand want for South Wales, within the limits set by Mr. Baldwin's economic education? Broadly, he wants, instead of the policy of reliance on "industrial transference" out of the area at present followed by the Ministry of Labour, a policy of economic development within it; for, as he points out, the exceptional difficulties of South Wales are largely due to past over-specialisation on a very narrow group of industries, and Government intervention, especially between 1914 and 1918, caused this specialisation to take on an even more extreme character than before. It is idle to expect that the demand for coal in its raw state can ever again absorb most of the unemployed miners who now throng the desolate Welsh valleys; and it is idle to expect from the steel-producing industry, which comes next after coal-mining, more than a small contribution. Professor Marquand estimates—and his figures seem, if anything, too low—that there are at least 60,000 workers of employable age in South Wales for whom the existing heavy industries of the area are never likely to find further use.

This surplus remains, after the policy of transference to other areas has been in continuous operation for a considerable number of years. Even if transference could be carried so much further as to remove 60,000 more employable persons from South Wales to other parts of the country, the problem would not be solved; for the lop-sided character of South Wales industry would remain unaffected, whereas what is needed is a better balance among industries within the region itself. South Wales has, from the nature of its industries, less

* Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6d.

female employment than any other area in Great Britain. In the country as a whole, the proportion of insured women to men under the Unemployment Insurance Acts is 372 to 1,000; in South Wales it is 104 to 1,000. This seriously affects income in relation to the number of families. It means that, apart from the 60,000 workers who form the surplus unemployed, there are a great many young women and girls who would be in employment if they lived in other areas.

Accordingly, Professor Marquand's "blue" plan provides, inter alia, for a co-ordinated attempt to create in South Wales a more diversified industrial system. He points out that, for a great many consumers' trades, the localisation of manufacture is to a great extent optional, and apt to be settled by short-period considerations, or even by a mere instinct of imitation. It is desirable for many of these industries to be near both ports and domestic markets. South Wales is well served in the former respect, and is ill-served in the latter only on the assumption that the depression in that area is to be permanent. Once create the industries, and the consequent revival of consumers' demand will give them a market at their door. But entrepreneurs and investors will not believe in this market till they see it; and accordingly, on *laisser faire* lines, nothing can be done towards bringing it into existence.

Professor Marquand calls on Mr. Baldwin, instead of acquiescing in this state of affairs, to institute a Regional Development Trust, with power to raise capital for the financing of new or expansible industrial enterprises, and with a State guarantee of interest behind it. He believes that there is a wide enough field, especially in the lighter metal trades, for such a body to operate with financial as well as social success. His list of industries that could be stimulated or created includes the making of wire ropes, steel windows, steel wheelbarrows, heating and ventilating apparatus, hollow-ware, copper kettles, geysers, tar road dressings, disinfectants, wood preservatives, soil fumigants, perfumes, bricks, asbestos products, brushes, soap and grease, furniture, biscuits, and so on—apart from such larger ventures as might require a capitalisation beyond the range of the proposed Trust, such as large-scale hydrogenation of coal, or the establishment of the motor-car industry in the neighbourhood of Newport.

There is no reason at all why any of these products should not be made as economically in South Wales as anywhere else—at any rate if the Government would remove the entire burden of maintaining the unemployed on to national shoulders. They are indeed good reasons why many of them, being directly based on locally available materials, should be carried on in South Wales. But they will not be, as matters stand; for South Wales as it is seems a depressing area in which to make a start. But the industries would come, if the capital for helping them were available on easy terms; and their advent would not only provide work, but also put the whole economic life of the region on a much sounder basis.

There are, of course, many other suggestions in Professor Marquand's book. He wants a bridge across the Severn, at or above Chepstow. He wants the South Wales coalfield drained under a collective scheme, despite the characteristic objection of the South Wales colliery owners that "the time is not opportune" for draining it. He wants reafforestation of the denuded Welsh hillsides, a pension scheme for older miners on the lines suggested by P.E.P. as a minimum, co-operative small holdings (this not very hopefully) wherever they offer a prospect of tolerable economic success, an attempt to organise and revive the decayed Welsh textile industries, which need to adapt their methods to changed fashions of demand, and to establish a clothing industry so as to provide additional openings for women's labour, a development of tourism, especially in the Gower Peninsula and West Wales, and a number of other things which we have no space even to mention. If Professor Marquand were put in charge of developing South Wales, and given the necessary powers and resources to make a start, it can be said with confidence that he would run out of resources long before he came to an end of practicable ideas.

Mr. Stewart, as Commissioner for the Special Areas, has his hands so tied by the limits of his powers and by departmental red tape that nearly all the projects we have mentioned are quite outside his possible range of action. He cannot even start upon them, much less set out to develop them on an adequate scale. Whatever he would like to be doing, he is compelled in fact to spend his energy and money applying poultices—giving unemployed workers recreational facilities, allotments, and other purely temporary help, instead of taking any action designed to get them back to regular work. This is not his fault; he is victim and not schemer. But the fact remains.

Are we content—is even the general body of the Government's own supporters content—to take this as the last word? In effect, Professor Marquand is challenging Mr. Baldwin to make an effort to save South Wales—which will not be saved without an effort, even if industry over the whole country revives much further—by methods which certainly involve no greater interference with *laisser faire* than Mr. Elliot is allowed to practise in relation to agriculture, or even Mr. Runciman in the interests of the shipowners. Professor Marquand's "pink" plan might be objected to on the ground that it interferes with private enterprise—though even it interferes but mildly. But his "blue" plan embodies nothing to which the most devout believer in the virtues of capitalism can object. It is a plan for helping South Wales to be more successful at profit-making, which presumably Mr. Baldwin would very much like it to be.

As for the rest of us, who neither govern the country nor live in South Wales, we may yet have something to say. There are not far short of two million people in South Wales—far too many for their ruin to be a matter of no importance to the country as a whole. They went there, largely as immigrants, at the call of the heavy industries, which have no further use for many of them now. It is our collective responsibility to see that these people are given a fair chance, and that use is made of their capacity for service. Some of the younger ones can—as many have done already—move out of the region; but the older ones cannot, and the migration aggravates the difficulties of those who remain. The remedy is to set up new compensating industries; but that will not be done till the problem is tackled on broad lines by a body with adequate authority behind it. South Wales is practically united in demanding a plan. Are we, by agitation and insistence, ready to do what we can to help it to enforce its claim?

THE FIRST FLY

As I lay in bed on Tuesday morning, smoking my first after-breakfast cigarette, the first fly of Spring alighted on the newspaper I was reading. I write this in no spirit of boastfulness. I am not like those people who write to the papers under the proud illusion that they have seen a wheatear or heard a cuckoo a week or a month earlier than anybody else. I am prepared to believe that flies have been seen going about their business here and there in England since the beginning of January. At the same time, this was the first fly that had brought the message of a reawakened world into my own bedroom. And what struck me as odd was the fact that I did not welcome it.

I can think of scarcely anything else in nature—anything that, like the first fly, is a symbol of revival—towards which I am conscious of antipathy. I look eagerly for the first snowdrop, the first crocus, the first almond-blossom. And, lest you may think this is due to an aesthetic impulse, I may say that I feel the day has been enriched on which I see the first dog's-mercury—no beauty among the plants. I am no lover of bees in a room, but the first bee of the year that comes in and makes a prisoner of himself behind the glass of my window-panes is treated as an honoured guest till I have got him out again. Even the midge performing its mazy dances seems for a day or two after its first appearance

a creature with a right to a place in the sun. I have not yet seen the first wasp or the first bat, but, in regard to them, too, I feel that this Noah's Ark of a world would be a poorer place without them. Spring flowers, Spring birds, Spring beasts, Spring insects—my heart goes out to the whole family of them except the busy, curious, thirsty fly.

It might be thought that the universal antipathy to the fly is the result of our improved knowledge of hygiene. But hatred of flies existed long before hygiene had been thought of. Beelzebub the god of flies was not an invention of the Ministry of Health. Nor can our hatred of flies be said to be instinctive. The child observing the fly on the windowsill, as it washes its forelegs, washes its hindlegs and washes its face, is filled with friendly curiosity rather than dislike. What could be prettier than the rainbow lights on a fly's wings? And who could be hostile to a creature clever enough to walk upside down on a ceiling? What child, again, except an infant scientist or an infant sadist, can see a fly slowly mummified in a spider's web without feeling a pang of sympathy? "Will you walk into my parlour? said the spider to the fly"—nine out of ten children profoundly hope that the fly will not be such a fool as to accept the invitation. The proverbial description of a truly good and gentle man as one who "would not hurt a fly" shows that others besides Sterne have been conscious of no innate loathing for *Musca domestica*.

And yet—and yet, for some reason or other, we have never had a Society for the Protection of Flies. All over the world at the present time we have movements to preserve the most ferocious of wild beasts—the lion, the tiger, the leopard and the buffalo—and the most noxious of pests like the fox, and I should not be surprised to hear that some honest soul was putting up a fight for the preservation of cobras and boa-constrictors; but even in a world that is reeking with humanitarianism where it is not reeking with bloodlust, the fly has not a single friend. Has the Society for the Prohibition of Blood Sports ever raised its voice in condemnation of that inhuman slogan, "Swat that fly"? Mr. Peter Fleming in the kindness of his heart has assured us that alligators are not dangerous, but I do not think that even he has tried to restrain our murderous passions by boldly proclaiming that flies are not dangerous. As a matter of fact, anyone who stood up for the house-fly in 1936 would run the risk of being regarded as a semi-lunatic scarcely less crazy than the man who maintains that the earth is flat. And so, without a solitary protest, these trustful little visitors to our homes are annually massacred in millions by methods bearing a close resemblance to poison-gas warfare.

This state of affairs would not, I think, be possible except for the fact that flies, with all their admirable qualities of trustfulness, friendliness and more than bulldog courage, have made themselves such a confounded nuisance. Many tender-hearted people could forgive the fly as a disease-carrier, but, even if one were as saintly as St. Francis, one would be hard put to it to forgive a creature that returns to perch on one's temple, bald crown or nose even though it has been warned and driven away fifty times in five minutes. One is not afraid of a fly as one is afraid of a wasp or a bee, but, as it returns to one's face with its pertinacious buzzings, one is exasperated by it as by the supreme bore in nature. That is what the child discovers before it is many years old. When it wakes on a summer morning, it finds that a fly is performing low-flying exercises backwards and forwards across its face, equally irritating whether the fly alights or whether it decides at the last minute to zoom off round the room once more before attempting a landing. And, in the evening, when the child is trying to sleep in the late daylight, the persistent approach of the fly to the face, always threatening to tickle even when it retreats without actually tickling, is still more maddening. I remember bringing the whole household to my nursery with loud shouts of "Murder! Murder!" because I was being tormented beyond human endurance by a fly that would not let me sleep. The shouts, I think, were justified. I was—literally, shall we say?—being bored to death.

It may be that the fly, in buzzing round our faces, is only trying to do what the cat does when he comes purring and rubbing himself against our legs—to flatter us with its favours and to win our good graces. It certainly possesses many of the same qualities as the cat—unteachableness, disobedience, and inopportune noisiness. I sometimes wonder whether, if cats did not sleep so much of the time away, we should not find them as intolerable as flies. If cats were awake from morning till night and capable of coming in through the window in numbers at any moment and creating an incessant din, not many of us would preserve our sickly admiration of them. Even as it is, we resent the intrusion of other people's cats into our houses. It is—with very few exceptions—our own cats alone that we wish to see there. And the best cat in the world would become an irritant if there were not long periods during which he ceased to demand our attention with voice and claw and was content to become a thing of beauty sleeping before the fire. It is the fly's wakefulness that is its capital crime. It is chiefly because of this, I am sure, that the friendly little disease-carrier has won the enmity of the civilised world.

The human antipathy to flies, it should be remembered, is not shared by the whole animal creation. Just as the Englishman loves birds or beasts that he can hunt and eat, so the sparrow rejoices in the fly as a provider of food and sport. Even the cat looks on the fly as a game insect and pursues it like a sportsman. The spider would undoubtedly regret the disappearance of the fly from the scheme of things, so that it cannot be said that, even under Mr. Shaw's scheme of liquidation, the fly would deserve to be liquidated on the ground that it performed no useful service to society. In its own small way it is as useful as the partridge and much more useful than the fox.

And what an interesting little creature it is, if only we could bring ourselves to approach it scientifically! One might profitably spend a large part of one's lifetime in studying the various kinds of house-flies and learning to distinguish between the note, flight and conformation of one and the note, flight and conformation of another. How few Englishmen there are who could tell at sight or sound the bluebottle known as *Calliphora erythrocephala* from the other bluebottle known as *Phormia terraenovae*, or either of them from the third species, *Lucilia caesar*? Then there are the stable-fly and the cluster-fly, and, besides the common house-fly, there are the smaller house-fly and the black window-fly, *Scenopinus fenestralis*.

For my own part, unfortunately, I lack the scientific bent. When a fly approaches my breakfast-tray I do not care what its Latin name is. My only feeling is that Spring and the world would be better without it. I would not like to kill it, but I wish it had never been born or that somebody else had killed it. A humanitarian could not be expected to go further than that.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

AFFORESTATION

SIR,—The debate in the House of Lords on April 1st on the activities of the Forestry Commission in the Lake District has not allayed the fears which have been felt for some time on this subject, and it is to be hoped that the proposals will be resisted as long as possible.

The immediate issue is the planting of about 1,600 acres in Eskdale and Dunnerdale, against which a petition has been signed (in the words of the motion in the House) "by over 12,000 persons including the Lords Lieutenant of Cumberland, Westmorland, and Lancashire, the Archbishop of York, many bishops, members of Parliament, and members of the three county councils, the Vice-Chancellors of six universities, other leading educational authorities in all parts of the country, and the chairmen and officers of all the open-air organisations."

The opposition is not to afforestation as such (probably most of the signatories would approve of it), but to the use of this particular district, in many ways unique. As the photographs in the *Times* showed clearly, large plantations of conifers are quite out of keeping with the present character of the country. One of its charms at present is that walkers can go almost anywhere: though the Forestry Commission say that the right of access will be preserved, anyone who has walked in plantations realises that there is no comparison between paths in a commercial forest and open fells or valleys.

The arguments which have been given in favour of the proposals are that afforestation is necessary to our supply of timber, and that the work gives employment. It has been pointed out repeatedly that there are other areas equally suitable for planting and to which there are not such strong objections on æsthetic grounds. The amount of employment which can be given in the Lake District is small. The Marquess of Zetland said during the debate that the planting of 200,000 acres would give employment to over 2,200 people: on this basis the present Eskdale-Dunnerdale scheme will employ about eighteen men. It is even doubtful whether this planting will be economically sound, owing to the large areas of unsuitable ground which have to be bought along with the area to be planted: and because of the expense of getting timber away from the remote valleys in which it is to be planted.

The Forestry Commission is about to spoil, in the eyes of a large number of people of every class, a part of the country which gives them great pleasure. And there is reason to fear that if they are allowed to continue with the Eskdale scheme, they will then go to other valleys, such as Coniston and Ullswater.

Trinity College, Oxford. R. L. HALL

SIR,—The withdrawal of Lord Howard of Penrith's motion in the House of Lords on the 1st makes it necessary that the vigilance of the large public concerned for the preservation of the Lake District should not be remitted.

When we complain of ribbon-development we may be silenced by the reply that the nation must be re-housed. When we deplore a tank-camp, an aerodrome or a bombing ground, we are told that the nation must secure its safety. But if the policy of afforesting the Lake District is equally obstinate, must not suspicion be aroused that all Government departments are prone to sacrifice beauty, however great, for advantage, however small?

The whole district concerned is small, some 500 or 600 sq. miles. Much of that is economically unplantable. The extent planted must be very small in proportion both to cost of purchase and to extent of disfigurement. For you can no more deface part of a mountain-valley than part of a picture without disfiguring the whole.

Nor is the disfigurement doubtful. The proposal is to plant conifers. And conifers in plantations can hardly be what Lord Crawford calls "noble trees." The effect of such planting in Ennerdale and in the east of Dunmail Raise shows what it would do to Eskdale, Coniston and Ullswater. The treatment suggested for existing oak and birch, "noble trees" which must be replaced, is to "ring" them and let them die, which "has the disadvantage that it is unsightly for a number of years" (Forestry Commission Report XV pp. 27–8). Nor is the proposal "where possible, to screen these operations" valuable in a mountain district where operations are exposed to bird's-eye views.

For the last 150 years, when the beauty of England is spoken of it is some picture of the Lake District that most often arises in the mind. How widely in that period this affection has spread from a few enthusiasts to all conditions of men was shown by the recent petition against afforestation. There can be few able-bodied persons in the country, capable of spending a few pounds on visiting scenery, who have not seen or do not hope to see this beauty-spot. But if these heavy changes cannot be averted, much of it will never be seen again. A valley of conifer plantations is quite different from the fell-sides which have delighted Gray and Wordsworth and Ruskin and Arnold and ourselves.

University College, Oxford. E. F. CARRITT

THE LEGALITY OF LOCARNO

SIR,—The letter of your correspondent, "P. W.," on this subject contains some serious confusions.

He says, "Since under the Covenant we cannot go to war in our own defence without appealing to neutral arbitrament, *a fortiori*, we cannot go to war in defence of another State," and later on he says, "It is perfectly clear that the pledge to go immediately to the aid of the victim of aggression cannot be fulfilled without violating the Covenant obligation to wait for three months." This is a misreading of the Covenant. League members are pledged not to go to war for a period of three months after the League has issued its recommendation and not to go to war at all with a State which complies with a recommendation. But if State A violates these provisions and attacks State B, State B is not placed in the absurd position of having to wait three months before defending itself; nor are the other League States, X, Y and Z, either bound or entitled to wait three months before going to B's assistance. Indeed, Article 16 declares that A's action constitutes an act of war against all other members of the League, who undertake *immediately* to sever all relations with it, etc.

"Self-defence" is no doubt frequently an excuse for acts which are really aggressive, but genuine cases of self-defence do occur and can be recognised as such. No reasonable person has any doubt as to which of the parties to the Italo-Abyssinian war is acting in self-defence. Abyssinia was entitled to act in self-defence the moment an Italian soldier (or military aeroplane) crossed her frontier; the other League States were bound, at that same moment, to come to her assistance, though in fact they did nothing of the kind.

Further, your correspondent says that the provisions in Locarno as to the effect of infringing the demilitarised zone conflict with the Covenant. This is not so. The demilitarised zone was established by Articles 42 and 43 of the Treaty of Versailles. The Covenant of the League is also part of that Treaty. The general provisions of the Covenant must be qualified by the particular conditions of the servitude on the Western frontier of Germany which the same Treaty set up. Again, the framers of Locarno could point to the express provision in the Covenant—"Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace." The Locarno Treaty was a regional understanding which was at least intended to secure the maintenance of peace.

My personal view, contrary to that of your correspondent, is that on a strict interpretation a case might be made against the conformity of the Franco-Soviet Pact with the Covenant. But as you, Sir, point out on Hitler's views of State Sovereignty and international law (which are well brought out in the quotation from Gauleiter Wagner which your Paris correspondent gives in the same issue) questions of legality are beside the point as far as the present Government of Germany is concerned.

London, W.14. J. MUIR WATT

OIL FROM COAL

SIR,—It is generally objectionable to discuss technical matters in the "lay" press, but Mr. Thomas's article invites criticism; I suggest it conveys an incorrect idea of the present state of the art, as the patent experts say.

In the first place, the comparison between Moses and Sir Harry McGowan is inverted. Moses waved his wand (or at least used his staff), whereas Sir Harry strains the resources of modern metallurgy to the limit, and then only succeeds by the aid of "preference of 8*d.* a gallon."

Then the phrase "possibly with the help of hydrogen" is, to say the least, ambiguous. The cost of making the very considerable volumes of hydrogen which are necessary to the process is a considerable item.

Turning to low-temperature carbonisation, that now somewhat neglected darling of the politicians, we have the old figure of 15 cwt. of semi-coke "for every ton of coal carbonised," whereas, of course, this is the gross quantity, which should be discounted for breakage and wastage in handling. It is always difficult to get at the facts with regard to the commercial success or otherwise of these L.T.C. processes (whose name is legion), but in the case of the plant "run under licence at Greenwich," we do know from the mouth of Dr. Carpenter that this plant is not even yet run at a profit, although he is certainly asking "more than 45*s.* a ton" for it.

To put it bluntly, none of the carbonising methods, whether high or low temperature, can have any but a very small impression upon the oil necessities of this country, and hydrogenation, which has far more chance of success, is so expensive, at any rate in

first cost, that only a wealthy and highly developed organisation like the I.C.I. could ever hope to make success of it.

14 Fairfax Avenue, T. A. TOMLINSON
Didsbury, Manchester.

THE ETHIOPIAN RED CROSS

SIR,—It is not long since I pleaded for the money necessary to enable the League of Nations Union to present to the Ethiopian Red Cross an aeroplane to carry medical supplies and personnel from Addis Ababa to the various Red Cross units in the war zone. The aircraft was purchased and equipped and reached its destination safely. It was, however, destined to accomplish for only a few weeks its errands of mercy. It crashed and was destroyed in flames near Addis Ababa in the middle of February. Since then we have heard that another Red Cross aeroplane has been destroyed by the Italians at Dessie.

On receiving this news I immediately cabled to Sir Sidney Barton to ask whether an aeroplane was really essential for efficient Red Cross work in Abyssinia. To this he answered "Need for Red Cross aeroplane is now most urgent." I also proceeded to investigate the possibility of obtaining suitable machines to take the place of those that have been lost. We have now been able to decide, thanks to the advice of several experienced airmen, including Lord Clydesdale and Air Commodore Fellowes, upon a type of aircraft sufficiently powerful to operate at the high altitude of the Abyssinian aerodromes, and hope to send one or perhaps two of these aeroplanes as a gift to the Ethiopian Red Cross. It will be possible to purchase these aircraft at a specially low cost, but even so a sum of at least £3,000 will be needed to buy them and to meet the expenses involved in delivering them to Addis Ababa.

The deliberate attacks constantly made by Italian aircraft on the ambulances and the unscrupulous use of poison gas not only increases the number of casualties to be treated, but adds terribly to the dangers and difficulties of all the Red Cross workers in their devoted efforts to relieve the appalling suffering of the Abyssinians. Therefore, I most earnestly beg for the generous help of your readers, for one of the most practical ways of helping all the Red Cross units is to supply them with aircraft. Cheques should be sent to me, Viscountess Gladstone, 15 Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1. DOROTHY GLADSTONE

CLASS JUSTICE

SIR,—At the Glamorgan Assizes on March 25th fifty-two men and three women were brought up for judgment for various offences connected with a strike last October. Twenty-nine men were sent to prison, the remainder being bound over. According to the *Times* report, a police inspector in evidence described one of the men concerned as "a recognised leader of disruptive elements," "a militant agitator of the worst type," who "took an active part in all industrial trouble," and "spread pernicious views." The judge in passing sentence called this man "a dangerous agitator."

No one expects acts of violence in this country to go unpunished—unless, of course, they are committed by Fascists. Perhaps, however, some legal reader of THE NEW STATESMAN can explain whether it is in accordance with British judicial practice to allow a police officer to adduce a prisoner's political opinions and activities, not being themselves criminal, as evidence in aggravation of the offence for which he is to be sentenced. If political opinions are liable to be treated as an aggravation of crime, it is time that progressives of all shades should take note and consider their position. We are evidently still living, for practical purposes, in the days of Eldon and Castlereagh, and the "civil liberties" we talk about are just political window-dressing, if a man can get a heavier sentence than he would otherwise get merely because a judge and a police officer have formed an opinion that he is a "dangerous agitator." ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

13 Laurel Road, S.W.20.

FOUR SHILLINGS

SIR,—Mrs. Clara D. Rackham has Alderman Emil Davies's statement for the fact that the diet he outlined in his article on the feeding of mental patients is sufficient in calories; but what is the ground for assuming that it is scientifically correct? All her criticism of the menus set forth seems to me justified.

Even granting Alderman Davies the uninspired repetition of a starchy sweet day after day in a dinner providing potatoes, I suggest that there are two ways in which the diet of the patients could be improved without adding to the running costs of the institution.

First, what becomes of the bones, the left-overs and the water in which the vegetables are boiled? These could be made into soup to help fill that long vacancy between a light tea and next morning's breakfast.

Secondly: How much does the institution spend on stomach powders, liver pills and laxatives? Whatever this sum may be, I suggest that it be diverted to fresh fruit and green salads, with oil.

Mr. Minton must be very hungry on his 4*s*. food budget, but at least he has his "four punnets of mustard and cress" and the oil in his tins of sardines. Personally, those things would go farther toward keeping me sane than all the macaroni custard on earth! C. F. KETT

London.

SIR,—Mrs. Rackham said in her letter that "A diet can be scientifically correct and sufficient in calories and yet both unattractive and unsatisfying in practice." As a most humble student of dietetics, I should like to point out that this is not true. When food is not attractive and not satisfying some portion of its value is lost to the consumer. Only appetising food stimulates the glands to secrete adequate digestive juices for satisfactory metabolism to take place. I find it quite impossible to cater for one active woman at a cost of less than 12*s*. 6*d*. per week. By this I mean providing a varied diet containing sufficient protein, fats, mineral salts and vitamins a, b, c, and d. It is always so much easier and cheaper to eat too much carbohydrates.

The following is a typical menu for one day next week:

Breakfast: Orange juice, fried whiting, toast, butter and marmalade. Coffee.
Lunch: Cold roast mutton. Salad with olive oil and vinegar. Apple tart and egg custard.
Tea: Tea. Brown bread and butter. Jam.
Dinner: Tomato soup, farced liver, cabbage, and potatoes. Queen of puddings. Coffee.

Such a diet can be produced for four people with the utmost care, for about 10*s*. per head per week. This excludes all overhead charges and merely takes the cost of the actual food.

8 St. John's Road, CLARE HOLLINGWORTH
Leicester.

WINIFRED HOLTBY

SIR,—Some of the late Winifred Holtby's friends, who regard her work for Africa as one of the most valuable spheres of her many beneficent activities, have resolved to establish a memorial to her.

On their behalf we wish to invite all who knew her to help us raise a sum of at least £2,000 for the purpose. During her lifetime Miss Holtby gave generously towards African work and the recent publication of her will is apt to give a misleading impression of her estate, the bulk of which was based upon an interest in expectancy. We hope that all her friends and admirers will support us in making a memorial worthy of her.

The form the memorial will take must naturally depend on the response to this appeal. We hope, however, that the response will be such as to allow us to establish a scholarship to enable an African, preferably a woman, to study in England, or, if the funds are not sufficient, at Achimota College in the Gold Coast. An alternative suggestion is the formation of a library for the special use of Africans, possibly in Johannesburg. These are merely examples of what seem to us possibilities for a suitable memorial, and we should welcome any other suggestions from contributors.

Contributions, large or small, which should be made payable to the Winifred Holtby Memorial Fund, may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 19 Glebe Place, S.W.3, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

C. F. ANDREWS
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ST. JOHN ERVINE

CHRISTIAN NAMES

SIR,—In his entertaining article on Christian Names (in your current issue) Y. Y. mentions the ominous nature of the name Jabez. I was staying with friends in Wales shortly after the Jabez Balfour crash, and my host told me that he had been condoling with a woman tenant who had lost all her savings in that catastrophe: Her main comment was: "You know, sir, it was always carefully concealed from us that his name was Jabez." In prospectuses he always appeared as J. Spencer Balfour.

In the hope that my own Christian name is innocuous, I sign myself ROBERT

United University Club,
Pall Mall East, S.W.1.

SIR,—In his interesting article on Christian Names, the writer says he never met anyone with the name of Hannibal. In my youth I heard of, but did not meet, a clergyman who did duty for a cousin of mine, and whose name was the Rev. Hannibal Hasdrubal Mulkins. Were his parents right—in their heads?

31 Norham Road, A. HOWARTH
Oxford.

Miscellany

THE TOWN SHORE AT BARCELONA

I walk down to the wind-swept winter shore
Where knifed-off slum blocks like stub teeth
With gaps and cheap enamel, post around
The blank and roaring mouth of sand.
This bony, falling jaw reads ocean's long advertisement
Endless with ozone and salts of disinfectant.

To my right, the cranes, poised birds
Coiled on their iron stilts admire the liner
Whose flamingo funnels and creamed, folded sides
Cliffed above nodding fields of handkerchiefs
Point to excitement of that glossing coast
Beyond me and the gasworks, where the clouds
Flaglike wave over mountain elephant hides.

Fixed in this central sand, bodies are derelict
Spoked wheels dismantled; minds are slag;
To the political eye men stink on scrap-heap;
But being less sensible than rusted machines
To know when they are waste, these cry with calls
Of cormorant, feed like gulls, and turn cartwheels;
Gentlemen lean and look from balustrades.

Paused in that dead town mouth, I note what winds
Have tanned the wrestlers redder than their sands
—Them waves applaud, for them foam thoughtless flowers.
Straddled against the sea, two gods contesting
Are mocked at by their sprawling girl whose breasts
Figure above the wet and dipping light
Like those of Ceres above her corn and horn.

Man passing, hiccups. I rattle trousered coins
And think how money, governmentally outlaid,
Could root these houses out. Imagine a boulevard
With sand-flowers bedded. Let palm-trees flourish
Their summer brocade and trumpet of success.
Race with your eyes the sport car boys and girls
Curvetting passionate tarmac coastal roads.

O the lights at night when horizontal syllables
From wave, hushed bush, and chinking cactus, lip;
The gramophones from off-shore insect boats;
Cicadas shrill in grass; red-hot guitars;
Bouquets from nightingales. Again, our lights
Endlessly repeated in electric stars.

But such is not. Rocket me in a lift
Of girdered skeleton towering from the dock
There where the aerial cable railway climbs
Till Barcelona withers to its map.
Drive me in trams down all main avenues.
Launch me as Icarus from this shore, whom winds
Eddy across the ocean in one gust.

What rimmed horizon like a noting sun
Tainted with Europe and the derelict coast
Has seared my path ascendant and melts down
Spirit-exalting wax to falling water?
Relapsed in the town jaws, I am a tongue
That praised the journeys of the mind
Coloured the sight, sang what it heard. All lies,
But the bone prison where I wag and mourn.

STEPHEN SPENDER

A VISIT TO SEVENOAKS

I WENT to Sevenoaks the other day to see a doctor. As the purpose of my visit was not medical but moral, I was not put out to find that Dr. Fuller had died more than two hundred years ago at the age of eighty. What I rather regretted was the death after death, so to speak, of this once famous physician—the way his name had come to be forgotten, or at the most confused with that of the Thomas Fuller who wrote the *Worthies* and the *Church History*—a divine who belonged to another generation and another family. My Thomas Fuller, when he was pluming himself, as he put it, for his flight to Heaven (a stately tablet commemorating the date of that flight—1734—I found in the nearby church) composed four books of "Right Thinking and Acting," for the purpose of instructing his son, young John Fuller, how to manage his life amid the perplexities of human existence. This cautious regulation of conduct seems to have been in Sevenoaks at that time (as it is, indeed, I suppose, everywhere and always) a complicated business; to deal with it adequately, Dr. Fuller found that more than 6,000 maxims were needed. Many of these are borrowed platitudes; but most of them seem to be the fruit of his own observation, in which he tells his son the truth about life as he has seen it in Sevenoaks, where Vanity was, he said, the mainspring of all actions, whether good or bad.

The first chapter of this wisdom was to learn how to manage one's Passions; young John couldn't hope, of course, to tear them out by the roots; still he might hope to hold them down, at least for a time. "Labour thou," he says in one of the wisest of his maxims, "to make thy Body go of the Soul's errands"; especially on the errand of marriage, on which subject he gives many counsels and cautions. Young John should marry a Fortune as well as a Face, and in general let his ear, rather than his eye, determine his choice; since we all, when we gaze on women, befool our judgments, he admits, with thinking too much of what he calls their "fantastical Invisibilities." Finally, in one of the wisest of matrimonial maxims, he says:

> Keep thy eyes wide open before Marriage; and half-shut afterwards.

With regard to the choice of friends, those should be selected who were full of "Complacency, Alacrity, and pleasant Hope." But let John beware of making too many friends, lest he be forced to sympathise with the troubles of too many people. A "melancholy, sad Soul" should never be chosen: "He goes always heavy loaded," the Doctor warns his son, "and thou must bear half." Above all, impecunious friends were to be avoided—the old man is most emphatic on this point; he himself, he says in Maxim 1,759, had been all his life clogged with several such, whose endless necessities had never let him enjoy his own money. If he hadn't helped them, they had made a grievance of it; and if he had tried to do so, never—and this was the worst of it—had he really done them any good.

Enemies appear to have played at that date a larger part in men's lives than they do at present, when we are too busy to spend our time plotting each other's ruin; too busy, or too indifferent. But the leisurely town of Sevenoaks was, we gather, so full of evil plotting and malice that an honest man could not hope to thrive there without dissimulation: he must wear a mask, and encounter with craft of his own that of his enemies. One good way to harm them, the good Doctor suggests, was to over-praise them, and thus put people against them; another wise way was to give them good advice, which naturally they wouldn't follow.

The class of people whom Dr. Fuller called "Grandees," were, with enemies, of the greatest importance. Aristocrats play no longer a predominant part in modern life, in which the gulf between the Great World and the Real World grows wider every year. But in the eighteenth century the Great were really great, and success in life largely depended upon a wary management of one's relations with them. Dr. Fuller's maxims are many on this subject. Save for what one could get from them, it was, on the whole, best, he told his son, to keep out of their way; a "plain, honest Man" wasn't likely to thrive in the shade of "those great Trees." All the same, there they were, round Sevenoaks, those Great People (couldn't the Doctor see the deer grazing, just beyond his garden, in the park of Knole?): one must solicit their favours of course—not to do so was to confess oneself "a poor sneaking spirit"; and about the art of making requests he has a good deal to say. Spring them unexpectedly, he advises, before the Great Man has time to think of excuses; and, his defence once broken down, to spring immediately another request was often good policy. The morning was a bad time to ask for money; the afternoon was better, especially in fine weather. Other maxims for dealing with Magnates show the same worldly wisdom. Don't give them information; they resent it; don't muse or seem melancholy in their company, "they like it not." And if John should be cheated by one of them, "Lose thy Money," his father counsels, "and say Nothing."

The art of talk is a matter about which the old Doctor talks a lot himself; it seems indeed to have been much more cultivated at Sevenoaks at that time than it is now anywhere in England. His advice on this subject consists mostly of warnings:

Beware of a fine tongue, it will sting thee.

Never provoke the Fury of Bigots by exposing their Sentiments.

Be not extravagantly high in expression of thy Commendations of Men thou likest; It may make the Hearers' Stomachs rise.

Take heed how thou offendest Men raised from low Condition.

Sing and hum not to thyself, nor drum with thy Feet or Fingers in Company; It shows disregard.

We do not injure Truth every time we do not speak it.

Say not, I neither eat nor drink in a Morning; I am apt to be troubled with Corns; my Child said such a witty thing last Night.

A constant popping off of Proverbs will make thee a By-word thyself.

If thou hast a mind to get Esteem in Company, have the Art to edge about, till thou canst get into a Subject thou hast studied, and art Master of.

To confirm and establish thy own Opinions, it is best to argue with Judgments below thine own.

If thou art a Person that hast good Authority with the Company, it were good to look confidently, yet not scornfully, and then mildly say, "This is my Opinion."

Such was Dr. Fuller's opinion; such was human life in Sevenoaks two hundred years ago, in which town he advised his son not to try to play the part of a "governing, leading Man." "I'll tell thee," he says, "my very Thought; an obscure Life is more natural, the more easy."

The chief thing thou hast to study and endeavour in this World is to make thy Life comfortable—

This was the sum of the good old man's advice. Whether John Fuller achieved this laudable aspiration I do not know; to make oneself truly comfortable in this uncomfortable world isn't easy, and Samuel Butler confesses that we have all of us sinned and fallen short of that glory. Probably the admonitions of Dr. Fuller were as much wasted as those of the other admonitory parent of that period.

Chesterfield's home in London has been pulled down, but Dr. Fuller's handsome old house of red brick still stands in Sevenoaks, and behind it still stretches his stately garden. In the sunshine of the October afternoon on which I paid my visit, an air of golden mediocrity seemed to envelop the place—that mediocrity of modest wealth and comfort, which, embodied in the eighteenth-century houses that face the unfrequented streets of smaller English towns, is perhaps the happiest and most perfect achievement of the English feeling for good taste, for beauty, and for the quiet dignity of life. I liked to think of the old gentleman prosing away there to his well-advised son. A bore if you like; but is an elderly bore in a large wig out of place in a polite conversation-piece of eighteenth-century painting?

To those who have a taste for terse statements of truths about life as it really is (if indeed there be any who share my preference for salted rather than for sugared almonds at the feast of Reason) it may be of interest to quote a few more of Dr. Fuller's Maxims, which embody so practicable and complete a scheme of existence, and upon which, from out of the seventeenth century (in which he spent the first half of his life) there falls, here and there, a gleam of that period's vanishing splendour of diction.

Indulge not a drowsy Temper in Bed. In the Grave there will be sleeping enough.

If thou lookest too often in thy Glass, thou wilt not so much see thy Face as thy Folly.

I advise thee to visit thy Relations and Friends, but I advise thee not to live too near them.

Act nothing in a furious Passion, it is putting to Sea in a Storm.

Learn how to refuse Favours. This is a great and a very useful Art.

To quicken the Memory of past Kindness thou hast done to any one, is a very nice Point to Manage.

Let not thy Will roar when thy Power can but whisper.

If thou farest well, enjoy it to thyself, and do not cry Roast-meat.

In case all the Constellations should bear thy Name, shouldest thou be the better for it?

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Spread It Abroad," at the Saville

While it is a pleasure to record that this revue is a revue in the real sense of the word, in that it turns the shaft of its wit on to current events, it must be regretfully recorded that it is one of the worst produced revues seen in London for some time. While the principals performed their jobs admirably, a number of the minor players needed putting through their paces much more severely, the chorus danced in a slipshod way, the sketches lacked punch, while the finale of the first part seemed to have entirely forgotten the necessity of some kind of working up to the curtain, which consequently drifted down in an uncertain way on the cast doing more or less what they felt inclined. Miss Dorothy Dickson, looking ravishing, sang the two outstanding numbers, "What a lot of time" and "These foolish things," charmingly, and in "Follow the Daughter" and "Snaps" showed a real talent for caricature. Her opposite number, Mr. Walter Crisham, shows, in addition to his first-rate dancing, that he has the makings of an actor. He works a little too hard for his effects, but any decent producer would soon cure him of that. The worst of being a hoofer is that no one thinks of you as anything else, and no doubt when he has been snapped up by Hollywood, our film and theatre magnates will turn round and say, "Oh! we never knew he could act." Mr. Keys and Miss St. Helier both show their own individual talents well, Mr. Keys' brilliant impression of the Fuehrer and his Italian barber being especially good, while Miss St. Helier's lovely Degas number and her "little Lucy Houston" skit are first rate; but both their parts need pruning, in particular a perfectly dreadful sketch about a leading lady writing her memoirs and a boring racing and telephone sketch. Miss Hermione Gingold's talents are sadly wasted and if numbers from the Gate revues are to be transported, "Roy Regal" and "The Book of the Month" quartette are much more suited to a larger sphere than those which have been taken. A charming Scotch ballet danced by Mr. Walter Gore and Miss Maude Lloyd was delightful, but the other serious dance-numbers were pretentious and out of place. This could have been a first-rate revue and may still be.

"Love From a Stranger," at the New Theatre

The padding of an armchair, of a padded cell, of a caged tiger, these are nothing compared to the padding of this play. About 10.15, after a good dinner, is the time to drop into the New Theatre. You will then get an act of first-rate Grand Guignol, and stagger out feeling exhilarated or nauseated according to the strength of your sadistic impulses. This is not a play where you spot the villain by picking the most inconspicuous character (or the best paid actor) in the show. Mr. Frank Vosper, with a Yankee accent and his own hair most heroically peroxided, is the author, actor and villain of the play. His performance is brilliantly beastly. Miss Marie Ney, charming as ever in the colourless part of a born murderee, plays opposite him. A strong cast, especially Miss Muriel Aked and Miss Norah Howard, make the padding bearable; and the last quarter of an hour is as terrifying as any thrill-chaser could wish for. The acting is excellent, but Mr. Vosper has tried to inflate a short story the size of a frog into a play the size of an ox.

"Liebesmelodie," at the Academy

More even than journalist, lawyer or memory expert, the critic needs to be omniscient. He should understand half a dozen languages, and all their accents, know the six great plots, and all their derivatives, recognise every local custom, apprehend any joke, weigh each prejudice; in short, react like blotting-paper to the multiple stimulus of ink and inspiration. But as the movies are known to be an art of almost childish simplicity, perhaps of all critics the film-reviewer has the easiest time of it. Before very long he becomes genial—the doyenne of our profession smiles on British films; the B.B.C. detects with satisfaction this American dialect and that; our leading critic-novelist gives the screen's imaginative flights a helping hand; and the evening papers confess to having found it all the greatest fun. So a film like *Liebesmelodie* the critic readily enjoys—because the audience takes to it, the heroine seems glad to sing so often in it, the plot is pleasantly improbable, the humour almost universal, and tziganes always bring out the gypsy in everyone. Its minor faults of lighting, sound, photography and sentiment are, after all, so local; Viennese charm, Hungarian revelry, and the Esperanto (I had almost said, Cockney) comedy of Hans Moser obliterate them. The charm, I might add, is largely Rolf Wanka's contribution. This jolly little picture is preceded by *Steel*, a truly admirable British documentary, directed for Ace Films by the Marchese Cappelli with fine music by him and John Reyners.

Ballet at Sadler's Wells

The present high standard of ballet performances given at Sadler's Wells theatre is drawing large audiences from all parts of London, and the first performance of a new ballet, even though it was only a short scene from Tchaikovsky's famous ballet *The Sleeping Princess*, drew a crowded audience last week. The new scene consisted of a *pas de deux* danced by Pearl Argyle and Robert Helpmann which is one of the most difficult of the inventions of that great classical master of the art of choreography, Marius Petipa. Miss Pearl Argyle and her partner, who is one of the most finished of the men dancers in the company, gave a most accomplished and delightful performance of this exacting piece. Miss Argyle as usual looked enchanting. There is hardly a ballet dancer living who understands better how to make a varied and yet always bewitchingly attractive presentation of herself than Pearl Argyle, and it is worth a visit to this ballet merely to see her. The rest of the programme consisted of the ever fresh and enjoyable *Façade*, Schumann's *Carnaval* and *The Haunted Ballroom*, the music of which is hardly up to the standard of the other ballets. As usual Mr. Constant Lambert conducted with the verve and efficiency we have come to expect from him.

Paintings by Jack B. Yeats at the Rembrandt Gallery

In his present exhibition Mr. Yeats has dropped much of the more obvious literary romanticism of his previous work. The swarthy tinkers and wild riders of the hills, who might have emerged from one of Synge's plays, have disappeared from the painting, though they have found a place in the excellent racy prose that Mr. Yeats has been writing lately. A more purely pictorial expression has invaded the canvases, devoted mainly to Irish landscape and interiors. But the method is still the same, and viewed from a sufficient distance the savage streaks of rich, thick pigment take on a clear definition and give wonderful results of colour. It is Mr. Yeats's secret, and the making of his work, that what at other hands would lead to tonal dullness becomes with him the vehicle for such subtle and radiant effects. The shifting translucency of Atlantic waves, the shimmer of sun-filled morning air, and the dance of shadow are challenges in which he delights; he captures the impalpable in atmosphere and the farthest nuance in tint. In such interiors as "Writing a Letter" there is a fine savour of mystery which is good contrast to the glorious riot of the large theatre-picture. These are moods of "pure" painting, not of literature, in which confinement to strictly pictorial elements yet makes the fabric of a vivid emotion. The street-scene, with its lamps and blaring lighted window, has the same direct lift from colour to feeling, while the portrait of the donkey's head is a magical passage in grey and at the same time as explicit as the poem by Francis Jammes.

THE COMING WEEK

THURSDAY, April 9th—
R. Ellis Roberts on "The Passion of Jesus Christ," B.B.C., 8.40.

FRIDAY, April 10th—
"Messiah," Albert Hall, 2.30.
"Parsifal," Queen's Hall, 7.30.

SATURDAY, April 11th—
"The Frog," Princes Theatre.

SUNDAY, April 12th—
T. A. Jackson on "Easter, 1916," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, April 13th—
New Ideals in Education. Conference on "The Teacher of To-day and To-morrow." Speeches by Frank Roscoe, E. Graham Howe, R. H. Tawney and others, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. Till April 18th.
Shakespeare Festival, Stratford-on-Avon. Till Sept. 26th.
"Potemkin," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.

WEDNESDAY, April 15th—
"Glass Houses," Royalty Theatre.

THURSDAY, April 16th—
Flower Show. Daffodils. New Horticultural Hall.
"After October," Criterion Theatre.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE fascination of Amiel's Journal—that whispering gallery of a sensitive mind—has often puzzled me. He is not a great or an original thinker, and yet I like to see him put on a pedestal: Rousseau and Amiel, Nietzsche and Amiel—that is the sort of comparison I enjoy, though it is flattering. Some years ago Mr. Middleton Murry wrote an appreciative essay in which, after commenting on the clash of science with religious belief and the attempts of such writers as Nietzsche and Dostoevsky to find a way out, he remarked that Amiel "sounded in his soul the whole octave of the nineteenth-century consciousness"; and I have always wanted to believe this was true. It might be convenient to have a touchstone—however humble—for so inconvenient a century. Superficially, at any rate, the Geneva professor would make an interesting modern Hamlet, noble, philosophic, with that melancholy which "thinking too precisely on the event" engenders. And Amiel is, to a remarkable degree, all these things: his nobility, equally with his inaction, astonishes the reader; never surely has any man revealed himself so spectacularly and sincerely, never has a diary been written so relentlessly *sub specie aeterni!* The first hundred pages or so thrill us with their revelation and wisdom; but then, inexplicably, the spell wears off. Personally I have never read more than three hundred pages of the Journal in either French or English, and although I have started it several times, at long intervals, with something of my original excitement, I begin to believe now that it is a book which I shall never finish without ceasing to be fair to its author. There is—I can see from glancing ahead—no deterioration in the later pages; the argument, the spiritual tension is if anything higher, Amiel himself as absorbed and absorbing as ever; yet I feel little inclination to read on. The extraordinary thing about this fabulous work, nine-tenths of which still remains unpublished, is that it should have been written by a man who during his lifetime presented a resolutely humdrum face to the world. It was not that he was in any way unlucky or overlooked: on the contrary, he made the small reputation he deserved as a university lecturer and minor poet. The more worlds he traversed in secret, the closer he pulled his plaid shawl round him, to keep off the draughts of this world. Reading the Journal now we still feel the staggering disproportion between its creation and the life of its author. The paradox gives the book its peculiar literary value, its cadence; one could trace the effect of many of its best pages to this source. It is the sort of surprise, however, which does not hold out for ever; and beginning the Journal now a third (or is it a fourth?) time, I am like a neighbour passing year after year a house which achieved fame with its owner's death—"Do you know, he kept an elephant in his back garden, and none of us knew anything about it." Amiel's elephant no longer startles.

* * *

An enlarged edition of the Journal, admirably translated by Van Wyck Brooks and Charles Van Wyck Brooks, has just been published (Macmillan, 15*s*.). The new material (several hundred pages) should make its appearance an event of literary importance—and yet I think the word "important," applied to Amiel in general, is liable to mislead. The Journal can be read as a philosophical compendium, as psychological revelation, a record of spiritual adventures. I would not deny the width of Amiel's knowledge or the sustained quality of his thought. With judicious selection he could be made into a respectable pensée-writer—though not as good as Joubert, whom, by the way, he rather disdains. Amiel is, too, a genuine poet (though rarely in his verses) and within narrow limits an excellent critic. *Important*, though, he is not; and if we try to attach too much importance to him, we shall, I am sure, miss a real enjoyment of his work. Mr. Murry would put him at the bottom of a list which includes Tolstoy, Nietzsche and Dostoevsky at the top; but that is to miss his real originality; he belongs properly with the confessors, the writers of intimate journals, and in their company we can see him in his right proportion. Compare the Journal with Rousseau's *Confessions* perhaps, with Baudelaire's *Mon Coeur Mis à Nu* and *Fusées*, Gauguin's *Private Journals*, Rozanov's *Fallen Leaves*, even Barbellion and Marie Bashkirtseff (the last two rather small fry, but deriving from Amiel). One principle, it will be noticed, animates all these writers, with the possible exception of Rousseau: they are concerned, not merely with autobiography, but with a new approach, the development of an anti-literary form in which to express themselves. All of them feel, in varying degree, the need of some swifter explosive speech to convey an individual truth which the formality of literature destroys. Literature, in fact, is not personal enough for them; and even Baudelaire, a master of classical form in verse, turned to fragmentary prose when he wished to scarify the reader with a portrait of himself. The idea that literature itself implies falsity, that author and reader are merely playing parts in a rehearsed drama, that the masks must be torn off, is not altogether new; every writer, classic or romantic, has experienced it in the struggle with his art, and the degree of intensity with which he has experienced it is a gauge of his originality. Not till the nineteenth century, however, do we find any writer whose whole effort is directed towards this end—to become, in Dostoevsky's phrase, an "underground man," and short-cut the accepted forms of literary expression. It is a valuable development, in which Amiel played a part. The point of his Journal is not the philosophising (I do not use the word scornfully), but the fact that it was built up, day after day, year after year, with laborious care and secrecy, *against* the current of his life. "You are not quite yourself to-day"—how often one hears that phrase used by someone who means that the person he is addressing is, for once, not behaving like you and me and everyone else; is acting "out of character." The intimate diarist is a man who writes always "out of character"; that is his discovery, his mode of personality, his particular truth. What enchants the reader of Amiel at a first approach is the revelation of a man who can thus present himself (and each one of us) in a strange and as it were pre-social light: a pure individuality. The experience common to Amiel, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Rozanov, Gauguin, Barbellion and all writers of this type, is solitude. It is their view of eternity. In the case of Amiel the fear of life was not accompanied by so profound a distrust of literature as one detects in some of the others; his prose is sedate and even conventional; from the peaks of eternity we catch glimpses of a helpless and pathetic figure taking solitary walks along the shore of Geneva, acting as confessor to the women he might have loved, tuning his flutes for another year which is to bring renunciations and self-reproach. The reason why we so soon become disintoxicated from the first effects of his Journal is that there is far too much in it of the conventional Amiel: the ghost which every intimate diarist seeks to exorcise.

* * *

A new selection from the original Journal, intended not to display the critic and moralist, but to give a complete self-portrait, would certainly produce a better piece of literature. This latest edition, for example, includes almost nothing from the volume published a few years ago under the title of *Philine*, which recorded Amiel's relations with women. If one compares the entries under the year 1860 in both books they will be found to give two entirely dissimilar portraits: the one a philosopher plunged in immensities (this is the Macmillan version), the other a man of thirty-nine enjoying for the first time in his life the favours of a woman. To omit the second is to miss one of the most significant sides of Amiel's character. After seventy-five years of excavation we might yet unearth a new Amiel.

G. W. STONIER

EGO

Monogram. By G. B. STERN. *Chapman and Hall.* 12s. 6d.

My Vagabondage. By H. A. VACHELL. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

As I Remember. By E. E. KELLETT. *Gollancz.* 16s.

These three books illustrate various forms of autobiography, according to the strength at which the ego is blended. Miss Stern's ego is over-proof, Mr. Vachell's about normal, Mr. Kellett's carefully under.

> When my publishers deliciously suggested that I should write a book about anything I liked; anything I jolly well liked; anything I damn well pleased; in fact, about anything, I swaggered for days across these boundless prairies before I began to suspect that they were altogether too boundless, and that what I needed were a few horizons laid down here and there. . . . I ended in the only predictable way, when one is given no restrictions by accepting every restriction and choosing myself as a subject, with as much as possible of myself to be left out.

Consequently she sets forth to spin three hundred pages of comment and revelation out of her head, after the manner of Thackeray and Virginia Woolf's *Mark on the Wall*. Such a book (an ominous thought, this) must stand or fall by one thing, the quality of mind of the author. What is the quality of Miss Stern's? She might be described as a blue-stocking of Nash's magazine: her culture is that of an ordinary respectable romantic of the Georgian poetry era to which has been added a journalistic training. That is to say, the ability to churn out challenging (but fundamentally banal and finally reassuring) articles on such hotly debated topics as psycho-analysis, the old and the young generations, pantomimes, travel-snobbery, dedications and jazz.

> I was first surprised, then incredulous, and ultimately very cross. A few evenings later I passed on this information to Ivor Novello, who also would not believe it at first. "No, but look here—" we both kept on saying, "—there *must* be unicorns!" And that remains one of the titles which I might have chosen for this book: "There must be Unicorns." They are linked in our minds with reality, with lions, with public houses, with bootmakers under Royal Appointment, with fleetness and beauty and a pointed horn springing from the centre of the forehead; a horn so delicately and wittily equipped for attack. If this unpalatable News from Nowhere were true, if there were no unicorns and never had been any, who, forsooth, invented them? Somebody must have seen a unicorn once. Come on, these beasts are altogether too plausible to have been imagined out of the blue! If they had rosettes on their tails, like the Wally-pug's sort-of-a-pet dog Kis-mee—but unicorns! You have seen them in the centre of Central South America, perhaps? or in Thibet or—
>
> There *must* be unicorns.

The frontispiece of *Monogram* is a sub-conscious drawing of the author's on a blotting-pad in which her initials occur many times; the writing of it also bears frequent evidence of an automatic hand. But the feeling of horror which the reader derives from contemplating the mazes of Miss Stern's mind, watching her pursue an idea as the dog Pluto pursues his master, is finally turned to one of sympathy for this highbrow-hating lady who struggles to complete her three hundred pages, using only the resources of her own mentality with the determination of a prisoner tunnelling his way to freedom with a broken fork.

Miss Stern prefers P. G. Wodehouse and Mr. Fortune to *The Waves*, *Rasselas* and Auden's Poems. Mr. Vachell "ranks William James higher than his brother," and "found much the same flavour and bouquet in the novels of Jane Austen and Francis Brett Young." His book is a collection of chapters on various topics, and he has a pleasant knack of collecting interesting information. He writes best about wine, next best about Wales, and worst about books. Sometimes his chatty style degenerates into something worse.

> Hill folk, all over the world, differ from dwellers in the plain. In Cumberland and Westmorland a fellman is more alert, more silent, and more observant than the man of the valleys. The hill tribes of India are a race apart from the Bengalese. I believe that poetry comes from the hills, prose from the plains; the Oriads are more music-loving than the Dryads. Why are the Welsh so musical? Nevertheless, Robert Herrick was born in London.

My Vagabondage on the whole lacks the high-spots of *Monogram*. There is no glorious moment in it to compare with "I kept on saying: You want something like 'Pageant' or 'Procession'—and then Noel shouted: 'Cavalcade!'" but there is an interesting conversation of the author's with a Bath bookseller:

> . . . I gleaned the information that under-sexed readers wallowed in over-sexed fiction.
>
> "Can you," I asked, "recognise at sight an undersexed customer?" To my amusement he used the word *stigmata*. These unfortunates, apparently have weak chins, pale complexions and furtive eyes. They don't ask boldly for the book they want. They browse about hoping to find it on the counter. But this bookseller takes a slightly malicious pleasure in defeating this browsing, thereby salving possibly his conscience.
>
> "I make 'em ask for it."
>
> "How?"
>
> "They have the obstinacy of weakness. Sooner or later they murmur the author's name, shying away from the title. I get quite a kick out of their hesitations and evasions. The young men are more bashful than the girls. I used to pretend that they wanted Lawrence of Arabia instead of D. H. But mind you, they got what they wanted before they left the shop."

As I Remember is a serious and impersonal attempt to recreate the Victorian atmosphere and the Victorian point of view about life, religion, politics, literature, games, the family, and other subjects. It is much the best of these books and makes out a very sound case, the author besides being a Victorian himself is very well-documented and anecdoted about the whole of the nineteenth century. He has tried especially to make the reader understand what it felt like to be a Victorian and he has succeeded. The only criticism one can make of the book is that the milieu with which he is most familiar, the business and professional middle-class, somewhat north country and low church, is one of the dullest, whether examined in the Victorian age or in any other. For Victorian memories George Russell's *Collections and Recollections* must still remain "the top." CYRIL CONNOLLY

A TRAGIC SIDESHOW

Gallipoli: The Fading Vision. BY JOHN NORTH. *Faber.* 15s.

If every author waited for an impulse as powerful as that which drove Mr. North to write this book, better books and fewer would be written. He might have begun with a description of Mr. Churchill's quick eyes roving upon a map of Eastern Europe and fastening upon Constantinople as the point at which the war might be won without killing as many Germans as possible. Instead he begins with himself in 1926, sailing up the Dardanelles at dawn and being drawn under a spell as he watched the field of Troy go by on one quarter and the field of Gallipoli on the other. At that moment Gallipoli meant no more to him than it does presumably to the reader who turns the first page of this book. It was that appalling and chancy sideshow, brilliantly conceived and horribly bungled, which was never given a chance by the high priests of the Western Front—a gamble which might have rolled up Germany's left flank, but actually secured it. And now the reality was before him: a narrow tongue of rocky land, washed by an iridescent sea on quiet beaches, of which the crucial names Helles, Anzac, Suvla, Chunak Bair, the Narrows are included within a circle of five miles radius. The fact that nearly half a million men tried and failed to cross that five miles of scrubby hills might have seized transiently the imagination of any sensitive traveller. Mr. North's vision of Gallipoli was a tougher one. He could not get the idea of it out of his head. He went home and read everything he could lay hands on relating to the campaign. He pestered the memories of his Gallipoli friends who told him about the plum and apricot jam, the flies and dysentery, and thought him a "trifle mad." After one reading and several further visits to the peninsula he began to rub the dazzle out of his eyes. Perhaps there was nothing tragic and Grecian about this business except the unimportant fact that Gallipoli neighbours Troy. Perhaps the fading of the vision would leave nothing but "senseless horror and sacrifice." At any rate it is twenty years since Gallipoli was evacuated: time enough for the fire of personalities to have spent itself. It is no longer necessary, in writing of this adventure, to spell failure between the lines. After official history, with its towering regimental detail and its inevitable respect for reputation, perhaps the air is clear enough for the uncompromising retrospect of history. And so Mr. North has worked Gallipoli out of his own system (and into that of his readers) by going over the campaigns with a drastically objective eye, and a determination to let the chief actors speak for themselves. After the official histories, after the Churchillian vindications, after Ian Hamilton's diary, after Masefield and Nevinson, Compton Mackenzie and Ashmead Bartlett, we get what is strictly an outline of history of the Gallipoli campaign.

Mr. North writes episodically, and with a steady irony which eases the telling of a story so bitter in its contrast between what was

and what might have been. His account is a tragic elaboration on the theme "too late." If Churchill could have raised Gallipoli from a sideshow to a major strategical operation in the muddled counsels of Whitehall; if politicians in the early months of 1915 had fought England's battle as valiantly as they fought their own; if the navy had not thrown up the sponge after one attempt to sweep up the mines guarding the Narrows; if the corps and divisional commanders sent out to Gallipoli had been of the same calibre as their Commander-in-Chief—then the thing might have been done quickly and at small cost. But at every successive failure of delay, miscalculation and miscarriage the cost of success was terribly increased. Even so, when the worst has been said about the breakdown of transport, supply and medical services, the shortcomings of staff work and the ravages of dysentery, it appears that we nearly muddled through. Sir Ian Hamilton had every quality for success except the power of firing his immediate subordinates with his energy and initiative and making them do what he wanted. But he had no luck. At Helles the advance was stupidly held up because the landing at one beach out of five was a failure. At Anzac the incomparable fighting impetus of the Australian troops was frittered away because the landing was made a mile too far north. At Suvla the combination, as Mr. North puts it, of New Armies and old Generals was perhaps doomed to failure. But in the struggle for the heights of Chunuk Bair the Turk was usually much less prepared for our thrusts from the beaches than we thought. At one point, we could have commanded the Narrows if a commander had not halted his troops below an unoccupied ridge for breakfast. At another critical moment, a company dug themselves in, according to Staff College practice, on the reverse side of a slope instead of topping the summit and commanding the valley below. By such narrow margins as hundreds of minutes and hundreds of yards it may be that Constantinople was withheld from us. This time, as Mr. North remarks, we muddled, but we did not muddle through. From the military standpoint, nothing in Gallipoli became us so much as the manner of our leaving it.

It is possible but not very probable that a story as scrupulous and penetrating as Mr. North's could be constructed to a different end and with a different moral. He has removed the halo from Gallipoli; but beneath the halo is a head, the head of a common soldier, one of whom reported that "all he knew was that he had jumped out of a bloody boat in the dark and before he had walked five bloody yards he had copped a bloody bullet in his foot and had been pushed back to bloody Alexandria almost before he bloody well knew he had left it."

Most of them had a much "bloodier" time than that; yet Mr. North, in dedicating his book "to all those who had the good fortune to serve in Gallipoli," does so without irony. His vision faded, but another lives in these pages. BARRINGTON GATES

NEW NOVELS

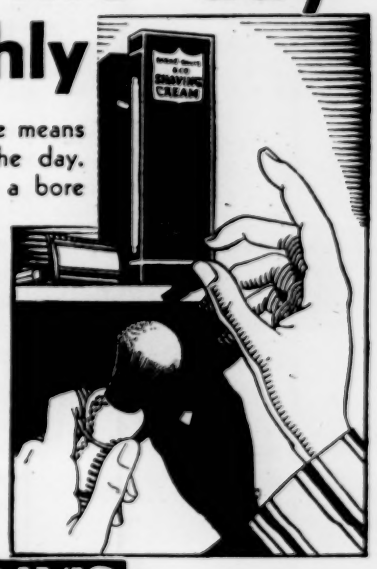
The Thinking Reed. By REBECCA WEST. *Hutchinson.* 8s. 6d.
I'll Mourn You Later. By CATHARINE WHITCOMB. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.
Lucasta's Wedding. By HANS DUFFY. *Duckworth.* 7s. 6d.
A Mirror for Skylarks. By MARTIN HARE. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.
Young Men In Spats. By P. G. WODEHOUSE. *Jenkins.* 7s. 6d.

This week's batch of four novels, with Mr. Wodehouse as an annexe, should make good Easter reading: there is still time to get them on Saturday. They are not all light but they are exhilarating; their trend is grim but, like detective stories, they give one a cosy feeling of immunity: in one, the characters are unthinkably unfortunate in a way one likes to believe peculiar to the French, while the three others are about the sorrows of the rich—not simply those general sorrows against which even money cannot defend one, but the fatigues, the frustrations, the fear of not giving oneself as good a time as one ought—inherent, apparently, in the possession of money. Their implicit morality gins one up; the modestly-spent Easter will be enjoyed with a touch of smugness; rich readers, if any, will find companions in misery. There seems no doubt that wealth does produce a mentality subject to special ills; if it is not one's own these remain agreeably foreign. An Easter novel should be a day out. Unshared capitalist pleasures keep a good deal of glamour; myself, I like to read about subtly gorgeous interiors, ballrooms, baccarat tables, pink Southern mountains seen across private bays and people having what *I* should regard as a good time—though that they do not enjoy it may be consoling.

Miss Rebecca West's *The Thinking Reed* is a big book, both in bulk and in subject; there is a good deal more matter than the afflictions of wealth here. Her writing covers a really immense field with an air of athletic ease: intellectual writing, in the exact sense, but at the same time flexible, vivid and never cold. *The Thinking Reed* seems to me to be the classic novel, such as is not often written to-day: imagination (or vision) and sheer top-form professional ability now seldom go together; it is hard to find a mean between satire and good faith. The settings have depth, they are not only painted; they are not abstract, or there to illustrate moods. The characters expand, they behave inevitably; you almost feel a quiver when they collide, and hear, if they are women, their dresses rustle. The book as a book appears to me to have almost no imperfections; it rounds itself off, it is impossible to think beyond it. (I do not know whether this is a criticism or not.)

Isabelle Sallafranque is a proper heroine—young beautiful, gifted and very wealthy, an American with French blood, living in Paris. Her first husband has been the victim of his own wild flying; her reigning lover, André, makes her the victim of irrational scenes. Herself, she is determined to be rational, to "live according to her own soul, to describe her course through life as her intellect might have been able to plan it." But she and the Marc Sallafranque whom, having escaped from André, she marries, are, both being immensely rich, moved relentlessly as the hands of a wound clock around a dial of vicissitudes and pleasures. Their married life is "made as difficult by Marc's wealth and position as if his work had compelled them to live in an unhealthy climate." The unhealthiness never dissipates; when the Sallafranques do ever leave Paris something between subservience and fatalism compels them to visit either St. Moritz or Le Touquet. Their friends are horrible, and are always there. So they go their doubtful way, shadowed by the implacable lyrical hatred of M. Campofiore, an official who, on behalf of the government which subsidised Marc's factory in the Pas de Calais after the War, is always on their tracks. The time of the book is pre-slump: in the Sallafranques' set expense is no object with anyone.

Start the day Smoothly



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Life treats Isabelle ironically. Violence is shocking to her, but twice it becomes impossible to tear herself free of the tissue of minor but dreadful fate without it. So that twice she is forced into staging a violent scene: the first loses her a suitor she would have preferred to Marc, a Virginian with whom she hoped to be rationally happy, the second, her unborn child, around whom she had come to centre her hopes of sanity. . . . Between Marc —grotesque, dynamic, with "indiarubbery sides" and tough springy hair like a dog's—and Isabelle there exists the strong tie of unlikeness, often of opposition. "Hardly ever did he move in the sphere of logic and analysis which was her natural home; and she looked at him with infatuation, recognising that in this long lighted room of well-made and glittering men and women he alone had the dark bloom of romantic and passionate things." She had married him, when the shocked Virginian failed her, to escape the artificial violences of André. There is certainly nothing artificial about Marc: he sweats, he drinks, he shows off out of sheer good faith; once he kicks a waiter on the behind. Marc is as sympathetic as Isabelle is ponderous: Miss West's irony is so fine as to be (no doubt intentionally) baffling.

Wealth is not the motif of *I'll Mourn You Later*: all the same, moneyed leisure, with its fretting alternatives, provides the spring board from which the chief women characters take their nervous jumps. The book, an American first novel, exceedingly well-written, is tense, brilliant and nervy, like an almost too fine summer's day in a new place. From the suavest Boston of facials and sheer stockings come the widowed Elizabeth, a gentle club-woman, her spirited married daughter Henrietta and Henrietta's husband Bill to re-open for a few days, for Elizabeth's mother's funeral, the old family home in a New England village. The scene is set here, and is idyllic—white houses standing back on their lawns, flickering shady sidewalks, a June hush. But the atmosphere is electric: ancient family feeling comes out like a smell the instant the house is opened; moreover, the neighbourhood is riddled with insanity. Two old family friends have toppled over the edge of that classic New England eccentricity into mania; a friend of Elizabeth's girlhood is back from Virginia with her once beautiful face kicked off by a horse. Official lunacy has its headquarters next door: in the asylum a lunatic boy howls punctually till he dies of an accident at Elizabeth's feet. Elizabeth's ne'er-do-well brother and his bedraggled wife are staying over the funeral; in the course of their visit a horrible suicide and later on a seduction take place in the faded, elegant family home. Much happens in ten days. But the past has let in on Elizabeth such a rush of disturbing sensation that events stay exterior. A little troubled, in uncrushable white linen, she dreams, regrets and ponders. Henrietta, the practical ecstasies of young American marriage (see *Appointment in Samarra*) having been interrupted by Bill's return to Boston, is less fortunate. It is hard to give the character of this odd, distinguished book. Against the background of horror and summer sweetness the two women stand out—articulate, elegant, sensuous, almost too civilised.

Lucasta's Wedding is a funny, pungent, apparently artless book, done with a high degree of accomplishment. It is set in a world in which young ladies cannot go shopping without a maid. Lucasta does not enjoy being an heiress much: having read early a history of the Popes, her days are darkened by an awful delusion about her uncle. From the Sunday when Mr. Nanson picks his way through the Gloucestershire buttercups to lunch with the Monallys, his niece's destiny is inextricably entangled with that unscrupulous, high-spirited family's. Blonde, sweet-natured, stubborn and fatalistic, Lucasta is very nice. There are pictures of Anglo-Florence, of a pink dripping castle in Ireland, of London. Hans Duffy has done the whole thing brilliantly.

A Mirror for Skylarks is a French novel by an Irishwoman, in English. Mme. de Montlevé, incompetent and angelically good, struggles to run a pension in a Parisian suburb. Her pensionnaires are a human zoo; their frightfulness almost exceeds the bounds of art. To the pension, with its shadow of debt and human squalor, returns from school Irène, the Montlevé daughter, childish without illusions, cool-headed, sensual, to be surprised by a passion for a nice English boy there. Their views of love conflict and the end is tragic. I feel a good many people may not like this book, and recommend it, therefore, with a touch of defiance. Recommend it I do.

Young Men in Spats is a Drones Club book. Eggs, Beans and Crumpets tell each other the tales. There is an upsetting one about cats, and one about Tennyson. Freddie Widgeon has no luck. (See comment on page 126.) There are three Mr. Mulliners at the end.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE

Language, Truth and Logic. By ALFRED J. AYER. *Gollancz*. 9s.

The disputes of professional philosophers normally rage far over the heads of scientific workers. It is not their concern that metaphysical speculation is encouraged by some philosophers, and branded as nonsense by others, that philosophy may be regarded either as rich in its own problems, or bereft of any function except to relate the individual findings of the several branches of science. Indeed, if the scientific worker is at all aware of philosophical issues, it is usually through the more general writings of certain interested scientists, and not through the writings of those whose prime business it is to discuss these things. To the scientist, therefore, the idea of members of his own profession making approaches to philosophy is probably far less strange than is the proposition of the philosopher denying his philosophy almost everything except the function of examining scientific statements. The number of such empiricist philosophers appears, however, to be steadily growing. To it belongs Mr. Ayer, and to him the distinction of the most recent utterance on the question. "It is necessary," he writes in his final summing-up, for the philosopher to become the logician of science "if he is to make any substantial contribution towards the growth of human knowledge."

The views put forward by Mr. Ayer are, he claims, the logical outcome of the empiricism of Berkeley and Hume, and derive more directly from the writings of Bertrand Russell and Wittgenstein, and from the doctrines of the "Viennese Circle" of philosophers. The essential thesis which fundamentally unites the views advanced by these several writers, and which forms the basis of their further arguments, is that all statements which do not constitute nonsense and which, therefore, form part of an acceptable scheme of knowledge, are either directly related to matters that can be experienced through our sense organs, or are logical combinations of such statements. Genuine propositions thus either concern matters of fact, or are *a priori* logical statements (tautologies) which define the use of symbols, and guard us against the stupid conjunctions and disjunctions of factual statements. If a proposition satisfies neither of these demands, then it is without sense, and hence it is that these empirical philosophers, if they may so be grouped together under a single banner, reject the speculations of metaphysics. "If," as Hume writes, "we take in our hand any volume; of divinity, or school metaphysics, for instance; let us ask, Does it contain any abstract reasoning concerning quantity or number? No. Does it contain any experimental reasoning concerning matter of fact and existence? No. Commit it then to the flames. For it can contain nothing but sophistry and illusion."

If all this sounds encouraging to the scientist, who dare not stray from the evidence of his senses, it is a bit bewildering to find that his philosophical allies in empiricism are somewhat divided amongst themselves. The distinctions between the separate brands of philosophical empiricism appear to arise out of differences of opinion regarding the ultimate verifiability or validity of statements of fact. Thus it is claimed that Wittgenstein's atomic or basic statements of fact become sterile as instruments of thought, if their fundamental definition of immediate and direct correspondence to "objects" is satisfied. The Viennese "logical positivist," in consequence, replaces Wittgenstein's atomic statements with direct records or protocols of experience, which to be genuine must have a certain logical structure and must allow of observations to show that they are. Mr. Ayer takes exception to this latter demand of the "Viennese Circle," on the ground that the truth of propositions such as "All men are mortal" could never be definitely established by a finite series of observations. In turn he suggests a less severe test of the sense of propositions, a statement being nonsensical only when no observations are relevant to the determination of its truth or falsehood.

This is reasonable in view of the impossibility of the final experimental verification of propositions, but one who is not a philosopher could perhaps be excused for not appreciating the full importance of the issue. The function of empirical philosophy as defined by the Viennese Circle and as accepted by Mr. Ayer is to clarify the problems and achievements of science "by analysing the limitations and essential structure of the language in which all knowledge must be expressed." The Circle, if the statement of one of its members, Dr. Carnap, can be taken as expressing a general view, fully realises the logical impossibility of verifying conclusively any single scientific statement; but by demanding no more than that the process of verification be the usual one of

science (i.e., the support of a statistically reliable series of observations), it frees us finally from the consideration of an infinite number of undoubtedly false propositions, which are not nonsensical by Mr. Ayer's definition, and which, in fact, logic could never utterly refute. For purely practical reasons Mr. Ayer is therefore too liberal in his definition, and by his own showing practical things should be the preoccupation of the empiricist philosopher. If the only reliable knowledge is socially communicable scientific knowledge, we have to abide by its unavoidable limitations, and accept past experience as surety for whatever certainty we can attach to everything that goes by the name of knowledge.

The issues laid bare by empiricist philosophers are not entirely new to scientists. For example, some recent scientific statements have necessarily focused attention on the point, well emphasised by Mr. Ayer, that "from the fact that we happen to employ a single word to refer to a thing, and to make that word the grammatical subject of the sentence in which we refer to the sensible appearances of the thing, it does not by any means follow that the thing itself is a 'simple entity,' or that it cannot be defined in terms of the totality of its appearances." So, too, has it been recognised that the success of the inductive method is its own criterion of validity. Mr. Ayer has, however, stated the issues of the empiricist approach to knowledge both eloquently and powerfully. The field of real knowledge is not divided into philosophy and empirical science; it constitutes a single record of experiences, bound together by the same discipline of verification and statement. The scientist can therefore only wish the empiricist philosopher all success in the task he has set himself of understanding science and of clarifying its concepts.

S. ZUCKERMAN

ROGER CASEMENT

Roger Casement. By GEOFFREY DE C. PARMITER. *Barker.* 15s.

The abiding fascination of Casement's turbulent career and romantic character; the fact that he was finally hanged for treason and has ever since been pursued by official malice and innuendo, tend to give him a place in history out of all proportion to his importance. What importance he had, and it is not inconsiderable, the melodrama of history has obscured.

He is remembered not as the man who fought long and nobly against the iniquities of the Congo Free State administration and of the rubber companies in the Putumayo, but as the traitor whose neck the British Government was so anxious to wring that it did not hesitate, when he was in no position to defend himself, to insist that his private life was of so scabrous a homosexual nature that it was high time his public existence was brought to an end by the hangman.

That is but one of the many ironies which destiny permitted herself to play with him. All that he did of good repute is buried in white papers and government blue books, an enduring but seldom seen monument to his courage and integrity: on all else that he did was thrown a limelight which not only forever made any balanced biography of him impossible, but produced him as a subject irresistible to the student of historic oddities.

That he earned his death is indisputable, but that he received a trial as fair as any in the history of British justice is not. It may be that the inevitable verdict renders any criticism of the prosecution superfluous, but that the Attorney General of the time persecuted him with irrelevant and undignified malice can hardly be denied by anyone. That this same Attorney General had himself been guilty of seditious activities in Ulster with Carson only a few years earlier; that he had, as the saying is, "got away with it" and proved once more the truth of the epigram: "Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason? For if it prosper, none dare call it treason," and that Casement stood for an ideal which he had almost come to look upon as a personal enemy, made it impossible for so intemperate a man as F. E. Smith to do other than cover the prisoner with an obloquy he had done nothing to deserve.

Quite why Mr. Parmiter has written this painstaking but admirably objective biography it is hard to understand. Only six years ago Mr. Dennis Gwynn produced a life of Casement, to whose knowledge and insight this adds little. If it were a better book than Mr. Gwynn's there might be some reason for it, but it is not a better book. The style is pedestrian, at times exasperating; and from one short paragraph the following clichés, which should appear in no biography, are extracted: "fever-ridden swamps," "sorely taxed strength," "indelible impression," "trying ordeal," "infinite pains," "rude savages," "endeavouring to awaken his sympathy."

If Casement were worth two biographies, both of which gave the major emphasis to his treason and his trial, this might well have been the second of them, for it is more fully annotated than Mr. Gwynn's; but he was not worth two.

Incidentally, a reading of Casement's speech from the dock underlines once more the eloquence which seems to come to men when they are in the presence of death. That speech is a moving and noble peroration which irresistibly reminds one of the last message of Sacco and Vanzetti, itself a simple statement which will live as long as the Gettysburg address. But it did this unhappy man no good: he was hanged, and has ever since not been allowed to lie at peace. What he did for Irish nationalism was inconsiderable; and his fate is not to be remembered for the good he did, but for the mistakes that he made. Between the two Mr. Parmiter holds a decent and comparatively even balance.

PHILIP JORDAN

PERFERVID SCOTS

Scottish Eccentrics. By HUGH MACDIARMID. *Routledge.* 15s

Mr. MacDiarmid's title promises fair and plain enough. Here, says the unsuspecting reader, is a collection of amusing essays on queer Caledonians, so let us once more enjoy the perennial Scotch comic, whose hearty absurdity makes up in some sort for the monotony of his wit. But Mr. MacDiarmid's book turns out to be no such thing. It is so little concerned with personalities and so much with practices, alleged to be peculiarly Scottish, and the underlying philosophy thereof, that the title may be taken ambiguously. (An impish ambiguity has always been Mr. MacDiarmid's way.) Various individuals who were born and bred in Scotland, but did their best not to be downcast by the fact, are described and discussed, but in a fashion so perfunctory and so subsidiary to an immense deal of talk at large that one concludes that by

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"Scottish eccentrics" Mr. MacDiarmid means, not persons, but some native science or art or craft, on which he would be prepared to lecture exhaustively at any Scottish university if the Carnegie Trust could be prevailed upon to endow a chair on the subject.

Now Mr. MacDiarmid is one of these aggravatingly gifted people, like D. H. Lawrence, with whom it is as easy as pie to find fault, but who leave you with the unpalatable suspicion that your pie is made of Dead Sea fruit—in other words, that in criticising him you have missed the point and made rather an ass of yourself. Thus it is true that his style is often abominable; that he is capable of saying on one page that Scotch professors always are, always have been, and probably always will be the smallest fry of poor academic fish, while on another page he extols them as the only lights that lighten the Gentiles; that his notions of generalisation are so accommodating that he can subsume in the same category a man of genius (James Hogg), a craftsman whose only eccentricity was his indifference to reputation (William Berry), an unconscionable mountebank ("Christopher North"), a humorist in the new as well as the old sense of the word (Lord Monboddo), a moron (William McGonagall) and a common lunatic (Elspeth Buchan); and that in any case, as an English parallel could be found for every one of these, they do not help much towards proving Mr. MacDiarmid's proposition, viz., that eccentricity represents a mystic value which is not appreciated south of the Tweed.

All this may be granted, as also that Mr. MacDiarmid is himself by far the most impressive of his examples. His Caledonian pipings are characteristically "wayward and wild, as wild as the breeze, and wander about into several keys," but they have the saving grace of distinctly suggesting an air. Those who are tunefully inclined may object that the air would be more distinguishable if in Mr. MacDiarmid's instrument the drones were not so apt to drown the chanter; but let that pass. The general effect is a rousing pibroch. It proclaims the essential exuberance, the disorderly profusion—the *praefervidum ingenium*, in fact—of the Scottish race, and repudiates the convention which represents the Scot as a spiritless compound of inhibitions and the less amiable virtues. Mr. MacDiarmid does not deny—on the contrary he most loudly laments—that at the present day the convention is rapidly becoming the fact. Scotland's only chance of saving her soul is forthwith to renounce the copybook morals and genteel table-manners she has so painfully learned during the past two centuries. Very true, if it can be done. Some of us think that the call to repentance comes too late, that the corruption is now past remedy. I myself, I note, come in for a gentle rebuke for having once hinted so. "Be damned to all you defeatists," says Mr. MacDiarmid in effect. "The outlook is black but not hopeless. The genius of Scotland still lives. Look at me!" And there is force in the argument.

There is also, however, a question to which Mr. MacDiarmid never addresses himself, though he must know it is a real one. Granted that Scotland has been rich in eccentrics, how much of the eccentricity has been genuine and how much mere pose—a protective device to conceal either rascality or vacuity or (as in the case of "Christopher North") both? May not the Scot who sets up as a "character" be moved by much the same pitiful motive as the poor hidalgo who begged to be buried in his shabby velvet lest the world should know that he had not a shirt under it? How far is eccentricity a national "habitus" or merely a bad habit?

Perhaps the most attractive chapter in Mr. MacDiarmid's book, though it has little or nothing to do with his case, is that in which he sketches the pathetic figure of "Poet" McGonagall, and enters a chivalrous protest against the brutal way the poor soul was baited by Scottish rabble. Scotland boasts that even if (which she denies) she has not produced the best of poets, she has at least produced the absolute worst. Mr. MacDiarmid is justly indignant. "William McGonagall was not a bad poet; still less a good bad poet. He was not a poet at all, and that he has become synonymous with bad poetry in Scotland is only a natural consequence of Scottish insensitivity to qualities alike of good poetry and bad." It is a pity that McGonagall's work is not better known out of Scotland. It is at least as deserving of the attention of connoisseurs as that of Amanda Ros. But I cannot agree with Mr. MacDiarmid when he complains of a dearth of "good" bad Scots poetry. "My countrymen," he laments, "cannot vie with their Southern neighbours in the production of such gems as:

> He cancelled the ravaging plague
> With the roll of his fat off the cliff?"

Can't they just? Listen to Thomas Campbell:

> One moment may with bliss repay
> Unnumbered years of pain:
> Such was the sob and mutual throb
> Of the knight embracing Jane.

Or the Rev. Thomas Blacklock, D.D., who was kind enough to patronise Burns:

> Her robe around her loosely thrown
> Gave to the shepherd's een
> What might in modesty be shown:
> The rest was all unseen.

Let Mr. MacDiarmid start hunting the *Noctua farta Caledoniensis*. It is not such a rare bird as he thinks, and is great sport.

DONALD CARSWELL

THE ENIGMA OF BRAHMS

Brahms. By DR. KARL GEIRINGER. Trans. by H. B. WEINER and BERNARD MIALL. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Composers are not on the whole conspicuous for the possession of limpid characters, but that of Brahms may well seem the most "opaque" of all. That he consistently took trouble to conceal it himself does not go for much: others have pursued the same policy, with the result that they have merely revealed what they wished to hide. But Brahms was successful; to this day he has us where he wants us, i.e., guessing. Reserve was always a leading characteristic in him, and it deepened with the years, as it is apt to do; but it was combined with a far more enigmatic attitude to men and women. For Brahms, as his letters and acts attest, was a warm-hearted, generous man, and his music shows him to have had as romantic an imagination as any of his famous contemporaries. Yet in everyday life he was rude and boorish to the point of unkindness, and seemed positively to revel in the dismay his disobliging remarks produced in the best-intentioned people. Dame Ethel Smyth, who knew him well, testifies to this unamiability, but she does nothing to resolve the puzzle. Again, his letters and music show that he was capable of feeling romantic love; yet with few exceptions (nearly all older than himself) he was horrid to women, snubbing them unmercifully and hinting at a perfectly cynical attitude towards them. Now I do not think that shyness can be held to account for all these contradictions; in the shyest of people it is generally possible to detect a *leit-motiv* which gives the clue to their inner unity, and in Brahms this seems to be lacking. As so often in the case of men of genius, a mother of slightly finer grain and gentler birth than the father provided "just those spiritual and mental qualities which transform a reproductive into a creative talent"; but, as Dr. Geiringer later points out, there is no real evidence for a thorough-going Oedipus complex, such as would account for Brahms' inability to bring himself to the point of marriage, though one-half of his nature obviously cried out for domestic intimacy. But what seems certain is that his nature was a divided one, in which some essential qualities cancelled each other out, and the result was a deep self-distrust and consequent mania for independence, lest others should discover that division and (here his innate generosity comes out) suffer from it. It has been suggested, though not by Dr. Geiringer, that boyish experiences in the sordid taverns of Hamburg, where the young Brahms was made, by his father, to play, night after night, may have been decisive in locking up his soul in a secret cupboard where none should ever find it. I think this hypothesis is worth entertaining, though no proofs exist. One glance at the frontispiece of this book, which shows the extremely sensitive and beautiful face as it was at the age of twenty, seems to confirm the surmise: there is a look of reproachful apprehension in the eyes that afterwards disappeared, but speaks volumes on that mysterious early period.

Taken as a whole, as this book attests, Brahms' life was outwardly a continuously growing success. Yet fame and friendship never seem to have eradicated the restless feeling of uncertainty and mistrust of himself which he attributed—somewhat mysteriously—to the fact that Hamburg, his native city, could never be persuaded to recognise him fully. It seems as though he felt that in some way he had lost his soul in the depths of the Hamburg slums, long years before, and could not possess it again entire until it was given up by that town. And this never happened. So, when people wrote to Brahms about his intimate concerns, he tended to answer off the point. He proclaimed himself in love with Clara Schumann, as long as her husband was alive; when

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he died, thereby removing the obstacle to their marriage, Brahms abruptly changed his tone. There are indications (see p. 71) that Frau Schumann resented this, but she was too proud to show it. Later on, Brahms, who was obviously attractive to women, won the love of Agathe von Siebold; but instead of taking the course which his heart dictated, he slipped away again, pleading his horror of "chains." The partial explanation of these evasions may be found in an early letter to Frau Schumann: "Passions are not natural to mankind; they are always exceptions or excrescences. The ideal, genuine man is calm in joy and calm in pain and sorrow. Passions must quickly pass, or else they must be driven out." And driven out they were.

This is probably the best existing book on Brahms. Not only has the author had access to a mass of new material in the shape of hitherto unpublished letters, but he has known how to assemble it in an interesting and readable form. One may not always agree with his conclusions, but it is impossible not to respect his judgment, either of the man or of the music, to which ample space is devoted. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

LIVING STATISTICS

The Home Market. A Handbook of Statistics. By MAJOR G. HARRISON and F. C. MITCHELL. Foreword by FRANK PICK. *Allen and Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

Advertising houses have, after all, their uses, even for those of us who are not advertisers; for one of them—the London Press Exchange—has produced this instructive and entertaining volume as a by-product of its business activities. We have here, admirably printed and illustrated with excellent maps and pictures *à la mode de Vienne*, a survey of the "home market"—by which is meant the whole population of Great Britain arranged in its social and economic classes, its age groups, its geographical and occupational distribution, its division into families, its propensity towards newspaper reading, and many things besides. Many of the figures come from the regular standard sources of information; but others have been specially compiled and estimated by the authors, and yet others are put to new uses or drawn from sources which are little known to the general public.

The underlying purpose of the volume is to provide the preliminary data for assessing the present and prospective buying power of the public in the various regions of the country, and their potential demand for different types of products. But figures of this sort, indispensable to the statistical department of any well-organised business firm, have also a host of other uses; and the politician, the social worker, and the ordinary intelligent citizen will find them fully as useful as will the business man or his salaried advisers. It is, for example, handy to have Dr. Leybourne's estimates of future population (grouped by age and sex) up to 1961 reproduced from the *Sociological Journal*. It is useful to have the relative population changes in different parts of the country in recent years set out and analysed, to get an estimate, based partly on Mr. Feaveryear's in the *Economic Journal*, of how the nation spends its income, and another of how the national capital and income are divided among social classes in the community, to be shown in a graphic way the changing size of families, both present and prospective, and to have set out a list of the chief urban centres—including "conurbations" which transcend municipal boundaries—with their principal industries and occupations. These are examples selected more or less at random from the statistics which this book supplies and illustrates. Naturally, it would be easy to pick holes—to ask for more information on some points, and for a different way of presenting others. For instance, why are house-building statistics not given, though often referred to? Why is the occupational distribution of the population given statically, and not with reference to trends of occupational change? Why are there no figures, or even estimates, of actual consumption of the principal commodities? Why is there no study of the amount or incidence of national or local taxation, or of its effects on consumption? The answer may be in some cases that the requisite figures do not exist; but this is not so in all the cases cited.

Such complaints may seem ungenerous in view of the full measure which the authors have given, and produced so well at so reasonable a price. They are offered in the hope that the public response to this venture may be favourable enough to elicit a more ample volume in the not distant future. Meanwhile, it is perhaps worth mentioning that the book, as it stands, has met with the approval, not only of the present reviewer, but also of his son, aged eight, who borrowed and studied it unsolicited, and without parental guidance. It should certainly be placed without delay in all school, as well as public, libraries. It should be found in all doctors' waiting-rooms and in all dungeons in which persons are cooped up while waiting upon business appointments. It should be used for parlour games, as well as presented to the promising office-boy and the parliamentary candidate. In fact, it deserves to sell widely, and to be not merely bought but read, if not "slap-bang through," at any rate as one reads an anthology of lyrical verse, or spends a series of happy half-hours with *The Times Atlas*. G. D. H. C.

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Molly Lepell: Lady Hervey. By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. *Harrap.* 15s.

From the annals of the reign of George II, three feminine figures emerge with especial clarity. First of all, there is Queen Caroline herself. Bulky, majestic, overwhelming, for some ten years she ruled England in collaboration with Sir Robert Walpole. Secondly, there is Mrs. Howard—afterwards Lady Suffolk—favourite of a particularly stupid English monarch, yet the friend of Pope, Swift, Chesterfield and Horace Walpole, who, amid an atmosphere of intrigue, chicanery and double-dealing, earned—and deserved—a reputation for perfect disinterestedness. Finally, comes Lady Hervey—"the beautiful Molly Lepell"—the legend of whose intelligence and charm lasted as long as she lived, who had as many flatterers and admirers when she was an old woman as at a time when she was the prettiest of Queen Caroline's Maids of Honour. Even an unhappy marriage left her unscathed. Lord Hervey was a fascinating and uncommonly handsome young man. But, although he was punctilious in the performance of his matrimonial duties—and, except when he was abroad, continued to beget a child every year—the incompatibility of their characters soon became apparent. "Lord Fanny" was an unsatisfactory husband. His real interests were among his masculine friends—particularly with Stephen Fox, who had accompanied him on his Continental tour—and at Court, where he played an intricate and

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unscrupulous game of royal politics, his chief adversary being that wrong-headed and singularly unfortunate personage, Frederick Prince of Wales.

Hervey's feline egotism was not hard to discover. Only in his male friendships and in the warm devotion that he professed towards his father, a charming and good-natured old grandee, and his eldest sister, who died in 1737, shortly after Queen Caroline, did human affection prevail over self-interest. Lady Hervey cannot have found him an amiable companion. Theirs was the kind of *marriage-à-la-mode* more often described in fashionable literature than observed in real life—an alliance in which fundamental antipathy is disguised beneath an air of superficial good-breeding, in which the partners continue to consort while continuing, unembittered and beautifully unruffled, to go their own way. For such marriages usually turn bitter towards the end. But, although Lady Hervey made no pretence of loving a husband who, in early middle-age, had already reduced himself to a condition of dissipated decrepitude—" a painted face and not a tooth in his head "—she refrained from all conjugal polemics and preserved an attitude of serenity and self-respect.

Her sympathies led her towards France; and, later, when she had taken up a permanent residence in Paris, Lord Chesterfield advised Philip Stanhope to visit her *salon;* since nowhere else would he find the same tone of good-breeding without levity, and of erudition without pedantry; for Lady Hervey " understands Latin well, though she wisely conceals it." As the frontispiece of her interesting biography, Miss Stuart has chosen Allan Ramsay's brilliant portrait of Lady Hervey in her old age; and contemplating those delightfully placid features—the face of a subtle, sensible, disillusioned and at moments, perhaps, rather crafty old woman—we can make a guess at the personal traits that determined her life. She felt; but she did not feel too deeply. She was sensitive; but her nature did not include that strain of uncontrolled vivacity which proved the undoing of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. She was intelligent; but she was never very passionate. And there may have been some truth in a spiteful contemporary portrait, composed by Hanbury Williams:

> She smiled without joy and cried without sorrow. Incapable of love and ignorant of friendship, affected in every word, motion, and (I believe) thought, she was a fine lady. . . . Her total, real indifference to mankind has hindered her ever having a lover. For I am sure it was not love to her lord prevented her; he not suffering her to be upon such an equality, for many years last past, as produces that passion in its true light.

Round the career of this interesting, charming and slightly mysterious woman, Miss Stuart has woven a readable, if not particularly memorable, book. Her information is above reproach; but her style—especially when she succumbs to the temptation of inserting a purple passage and writes of swishing petticoats and clicking heels—now and then gives rise to a faint shudder. Yet, as popular biographies go, it is worth studying; while the subject-matter would redeem more serious faults.

P. Q.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Refugees from Germany. NORMAN BENTWICH. *Allen and Unwin.* 6s.

Mr. James G. McDonald's resignation from his position as High Commissioner for German Refugees at the end of last year was a startling reminder of the appalling dimensions of the refugee problem created by the Nazi Government. This book gives justification for every sentence in Mr. McDonald's report. The work of repatriation and settlement accomplished by the various philanthropic organisations has indeed been heroic. Two-thirds of the 80,000 persons who have left Germany since April, 1933, have been settled elsewhere, but approximately 15,000 remain in Europe unplaced. Since 1933, moreover, a sum of nearly two millions has been collected for the assistance of refugees. It is clear, however, that the work of charitable societies must be supplemented by some co-ordinating body officially acting on behalf of the League. Mr. McDonald's Commission was impeded throughout by its separation from the League, and the recent intensification of persecution in Germany makes some official action even more imperative. Mr. Bentwich's authoritative book should do much to awaken a sense of that responsibility.

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The Feudal Monarchy in France and England, from the Tenth to the Thirteenth Century. By CH. PETIT-DUTAILLIS. *Kegan Paul.* 16s.

Sir George Sitwell in his recent study of the Manor of which his family have been lords for centuries, lamented the break-up of the great Angevin Empire of Henry II. In this most attractive study of England and France from the tenth to the thirteenth century M. Petit-Dutaillis deals at length with this Empire *vis-à-vis* the comparatively small France under the early Capets; and as he describes its constitution it is difficult to believe that even if John had been as great a statesman as his father, or Philip Augustus as feeble as Louis the Young, such an Empire could have survived the incongruity of its elements. M. Petit-Dutaillis describes the changes that took place in England and France after the great fission, as the three powers of feudalism, King, Church and Nobility, manoeuvred for position; and the difference of these changes is the measure of the Angevin Empire's stability. English readers, though they will not agree with all M. Petit-Dutaillis's conclusions, will recognise how admirable is his historic temper, and how sanely he discusses the issues between the two countries which at one time seemed fated to coalesce.

Week-end Competitions

No. 317

Set by Allan M. Laing

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, answering a question in the House of Commons the other day, intimated that the Government could not afford to provide British beef for soldiers, sailors and airmen. The usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half-a-Guinea) are offered for a Patriotic Ballade on this subject, with the refrain: " We can't afford to give them British beef."

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, April 17th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 315

Set by Sylvia Lynd

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for A Caustic Comment on the Disturbers of the London Citizen's Peace, Domestic and Foreign. The Comment should be in verse, not more than thirty lines in length and should contain the line or lines:

" Mosley to Right of him,
Strachey to Left of him."

Report by Sylvia Lynd

Having gone as a spectator to the Mosleyite meeting at the Albert Hall, been stopped half a dozen times by policemen on my way into it, seen a man ridden off the pavement for shouting " Down with Mussolini," been jeered at as a suspected Fascist, watched an organised attempt at the prevention of free speech, and listened, in spite of it, for two hours, to a programme of mingled theatricalism and violence, I have read the contributions to this competition with a good deal of pleasure. Had the metrical skill of the writers been as uniformly excellent as their sentiments, I should have enjoyed them even more. Nearly all of them contained good things. I commend particularly Desmond Gregory, G. W. Fordham and Hassall Pitman, whose contributions I regret cannot be printed for reasons of space, and award the first and second prizes to Messrs. William Bliss and Gerald Summers respectively, for their spirited and ingenious summarising of the situation.

FIRST PRIZE

Plague take the lot of 'em, wish we were shot of 'em
Fascists and Communists, Faddists and Freaks.
Damn all tub-thumping and preaching and stumping,
Autocrats, Demagogues, Causes and Cliques!

Mosley to Right of him, Strachey to Left of him,
Cops in the middle, preventing 'em meet;
How can a peace-loving Cit, with Police shoving,
Be any longer the " Man-in-the-Street "?

You can't get away from 'em, nowhere is safe from 'em,
Black shirts and Brown shirts and Red shirts and Gray;
There's Musso' and Hitler, the Big and the Littler,
Making life quite impossible over the way.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, April 12th, at 6.30, THE REV. HAROLD ANSON, Master of the Temple.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, April 12th, at 11, Mr. H. J. BLACKHAM: "THE GLORY AND THE FRESHNESS OF A DREAM." 6.30, Mr. H. J. BLACKHAM: "EASTER, THE CRISIS OF HISTORY."

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

CICELY C. WRIGHT, 50 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. EXPERT ADVISER SCHOOLS, TRAININGS. Specially selected list schools personally visited. No charge to parents or students.

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY SCHOOL, Colet Gardens, W.14. Nursery class attached. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 2–14 years old.

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.
A Public School for Girls. (Founded 1858.)
Visitor, The Right Hon. the Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, P.C., K.C., M.A., D.C.L., LL.D.
President of the Board of Governors: Gilbert Murray, Esq., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: Miss B. M. Baker, B.A.
Sound education is combined with preparation for world citizenship, full advantage being taken of School Journeys abroad and of the proximity of the City and University of Bristol for cultural, educational and social purposes. Girls of non-British nationality are welcome in the community.

THE GARDEN SCHOOL, WYCOMBE COURT, LANE END, BUCKS. Boarding School for Girls (ages 4–18) in lovely part of Chiltern Hills. 61 acres. 550ft. above sea-level. Sound education on free individual lines, with scope for initiative and creative self-expression in all subjects, including arts, crafts, music, dancing, eurhythmics. Aims: at developing harmonised cultured personalities with a wide outlook on life and a high ideal of social usefulness. Fees £105–£165 per annum.

DR. WILLIAMS' SCHOOL, DOLGELLEY, NORTH WALES.
Recognised by Board of Education.
Headmistress:
MISS E. CONSTANCE NIGHTINGALE, M.A.
Endowed School. Moderate inclusive fee for board, tuition and books.
Junior Department, ages five to ten.

THE NEW HERRLINGEN SCHOOL, BUNCE COURT, OTTERDEN, near Faversham, KENT, for English and German pupils (6–18 years), situated high in beautiful country, offers English boys and girls an opportunity of learning French and German naturally, without the necessity of going abroad. Most of the teaching is conducted by an English academically trained staff, both men and women, and children are prepared for English examinations. Special attention paid to practical work, gardening, carpentry, etc., under trained instructors. The school has a progressive, home-like atmosphere. Entire charge during holidays, included in fees, which are moderate.

LOWTHER COLLEGE FOR GIRLS.
BODELWYDDAN CASTLE, ABERGELE, N. WALES.
Chairman: Sir J. W. Ronald Macleay, G.C.M.G.
Headmistress: Miss K. I. Sayers, M.A.Cantab., Mathematical Tripos, Girton College.
Public boarding school for 240 girls, ages 7–19, recognised by the Board of Education. Pupils prepared for external and University entrance examinations. Domestic Science, Commercial, Music, Gardening and Art Courses. All games, swimming and riding. Private golf course. 400 acres of park. Sea and mountain air. Thoroughly varied diet, fresh fruit and salads daily. Entrance and leaving scholarships. Entire charge of children from abroad if desired.

INVAL ST. HILARY'S, HASLEMERE. School for girls, 8–18; small, homely. Beautiful country. Sound, practical, modern education. Moderate terms. Apply PRINCIPALS.

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BRECHIN PLACE SCHOOL for Girls and Boys.—Apply MRS. E. M. SPENCER, 11 Brechin Place, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.

L'AVENIR, Chesières-Villars, Switzerland. Co-educational (4–18). Altitude, 4,100 feet.

LEISURE
is well spent in reading for a DEGREE

● **One of to-day's problems** is how to make the best use of leisure. To those who are studiously inclined we suggest that spare time might well be occupied in reading for a Degree; not merely for the resultant material advantages, but also for the widening of outlook and development of mental abilities. Moreover, under experienced and sympathetic guidance study becomes a pleasurable occupation.

● **London University Degrees** are open to all. You need not attend the University. All that is necessary is to pass three exams., Matriculation (or, if you are over 23, the shorter Special Entrance Exam.), Intermediate and Final; you may study for these at home and in your own time.

● **Wolsey Hall Postal Courses** for the above examinations are conducted by a staff of 56 University Graduates. These Courses comprise Lessons, Test Papers, Model Answers, correction of your work and solution of *all* difficulties by your tutors. A Guarantee is given that, in the event of failure, tuition will be continued *free*. Fees may be spread over the period of the Course.

● **Write for Free Prospectus** and Guide to Degrees, saying if your preference is for Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Law or Theology. Address the Director of Studies, Dept. VH24,

Wolsey Hall, Oxford

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MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress*: MISS CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge, late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School. The aim of this school is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community, to encourage self-expression, to increase resource and initiative by practical work. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music, or Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. Gerrard's Cross is 300ft. above sea level and is on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys 3–10. Girls 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply SECRETARY.

A MODERN School in the heart of the Country. Children's Farm, Romansleigh, Devon.

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Official Book of Headmasters' Conference and Association of Preparatory Schools. Consult at Libraries, Clubs, etc. Schools, careers, professions, etc. 10s. 6d. net.—Year Book Press, 31 Museum Street, W.C.1.

SCHOLARSHIPS, STUDENTSHIPS

BEDALES SCHOOL, Petersfield, Hants. (Co-educational.) Scholarship examination, Wednesday, May 20th, 1936. For particulars apply to the Headmaster, F. A. METEYARD, M.A. (Camb.).

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NEXT TERM begins Wednesday, APRIL 15th.
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APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

BOROUGH OF COLCHESTER

Appointment of Borough Librarian

Applications are invited from duly qualified persons for the appointment of Borough Librarian at a salary of £400 per annum, rising, subject to satisfactory service, by annual increments of £15 to £460 per annum.

The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government and other Officers' Superannuation Act, 1922, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination.

Applications, endorsed "Borough Librarian," stating age, qualifications and full particulars as to experience, accompanied by copies of three recent testimonials, must be delivered to me not later than 25th April, 1936.

Canvassing, directly or indirectly, is prohibited and will disqualify.

Town Hall, Colchester. R. L. H. HISCOTT,
2nd April, 1936. Town Clerk.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

One female technical assistant is required at a salary of £150—£10—£220, subject to 5 per cent. deduction under the County Council's superannuation scheme. Candidates must have completed the course for the Diploma of the Library Association or of the School of Librarianship. Applications, accompanied by copies of three testimonials, must reach the DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, County Offices, Preston, by the first post on April 25th.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the vacant office of Sub-Warden of the University Settlement, and Director of the York House Boys' Club. Salary £250 per annum. Candidates must be men of not more than 35 years of age. Full particulars of duties may be had on application to the WARDEN, University Settlement, Nile Street, Liverpool, 1.

THE JOINT AGENCY FOR WOMEN TEACHERS.
The official agency of the Headmistresses' Association, Association of Assistant Mistresses, Welsh Secondary Schools Association, and the Association of Headmistresses of Recognised Private Schools.
Apply to Miss K. B. Anderson, M.A., Registrar, 29 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Tel.: Museum 0656—9.

YOUNG lady desirous of living in England for some time seeks position as companion or governess *au pair* with English family from about middle of July. Educated at Sorbonne University, perfect knowledge of French and German, can speak English, has had two years' experience with children in French family. Write MISS FREDY BASSEVITCH, c/o Mr. Danziger, Khovevei Zion 85, Tel-Aviv, Palestine.

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Authors' MSS and Plays promptly executed. ALL work guaranteed proof-read and checked. Secretaries and all Office Staff, Temporary or Permanent.
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In Paris the Factions indulge in Street-actions,
With *Camelots, Croix du feu, Front Populaire* ;
If you stroll up Montmartre to toy with a starter
You may find that a howling mob's blocking the Square.

Spain is no more " *Mañana,*" Robles and Azaña
Are staging a dog-fight where each wins in turn ;
Now the Reds, once sent packing, go in for Church-sacking
Or wander around seeking Convents to burn.

This creaking old Planet, wherever you scan it,
Grows battier, balmier, madder each day ;
Japan has gone fanning and Russia's still planning,
And as for John Chinaman—look at Cathay ! . . .

SECOND PRIZE

Here is the cutest yet saddest of ditties in-
Spired by the Londoner's woes as a citizen ;
Miscreants lie lurking to lav him or her low
By alcoves of Albert or purlieus of Thurloe ;
And should he escape from the cudgels of Fascism,
Promptly a posse of horse police smashes him ;
If caught open-mouthed at the rhetoric of Willis,
Alas ! he unconsciously culpable still is—
Swift like the wind where the land's contours flatten blows,
Down come the Bobbies on horseback with baton-blows !

Through with the Duce and holding that Hitler
Is worth but a moment's attention or littler,
Shunning those scenes of commotion like plague-spots,
I always choose routes through remoter and vague spots,
But lately I passed, in my limousine crouching,
Just as the Albert Hall mob was debouching—
The motor was mauled—I was jostled and Charlotte
(The insult !) was called by the ruffians a h——t !
Writhing with rancour, I threw out a feeler
But nowhere in sight was a sign of a Peeler.

The policeman, large-hearted, large-footed, majestic,
Once stood as a symbol of order domestic :
If one's peace was disturbed by an element foreign,
We Londoners ne'er felt the loss of a florin :
The constable, erstwhile a strength and a pillar,
Now leaves one a wreck on Charybdis or Scylla—
Pale and sad citizen—helpless, bereft of him,
Mosley to Right of him, Strachey to Left of him !

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 172.—DATES

By W. A. CARO

The other day an apparent stranger shook me warmly by the hand and greeted me by my name. To my great embarrassment I had to admit that I could not recall his name. He turned out to be an old school-friend.

Naturally I explained that I had a poor memory for faces, but he cut me short with " Don't apologise, I am quite as bad myself. In my case I cannot remember a single date. Do you know that the only way I can remember the present year is by the fact that it forms the only square number this century ? "

My reply was " It's a good job you are good at figures."

" Hardly good enough" was my friend's answer. " Why, the other day I was fixing an important year in my mind by making use of the fact that it was equal to the square of the number formed by its first two digits together with the square of the number formed by its last two digits. Unfortunately it does not seem to help me in the slightest."

I WAS UNABLE TO TELL HIM THE DATE. CAN YOU ?

PROBLEM 170.—THE PROCLAMATION OF KING NUMERICUS

I propose to allow another week for the solution of this problem. It is more of a " puzzle " than a " problem " in the more limited sense of the term : but solvers who do hit on the solution, will, I think, be very pleased with it.

PROBLEM 169.—THE WARDEN'S WILL

A set of Low's cartoons goes to : G. H. Fogg, 120 Daneland, E. Barnet, Herts.

Eight points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

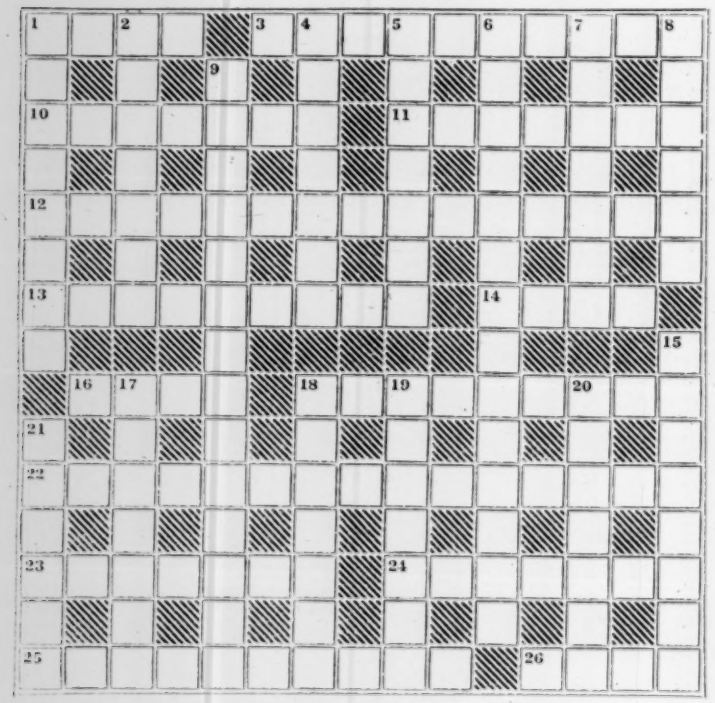
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 318

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to " CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss D. D. La Touche, Wellwood, Bardsea, Ulverston, Lancs.

ACROSS

1. This Bohemian staked his life for his belief.
3. Lamb did not write with such pens.
10. Trees for Charles.
11. Stuffily led back to the French heir.
12. Courtly nippies ?
13. Chained not for confinement but for adornment.
14. Eagles for golfers.
16. Never call it when you're bluffing.
18. Another version of the *Daily Express* perhaps.
22. Incomprehensible words in other words.
23. No doubt a proper little flower.
24. Not a crow in spite of his sound.
25. They may be a bit of silver.
26. Shutting part of Aladdin's lamp.

DOWN

1. It gives one a turn to see a moiety gone.
2. Long leggings so to speak.
4. She is an irregular bit of stuff.
5. Indebted at the finish.
6. Where to get a tank pumped up.
7. How to make ecclesiastical birds lay ?
8. This glider goes to ground in winter.
9. Gamblers' idea of roulette.
15. He gave us very short measure etherically speaking.
17. Obviously doesn't sleep in.
18. Sark disrupted and invested by the enemy.
19. Juvenal style of writing.
20. Change the topsail.
21. The cat perhaps after a gratuity.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

R	A	D	I	C	E	S	■	F	I	N	D	O	U	T
A	■	U	■	O	■	T	■	R	■	O	■	C	■	A
N	U	N	B	U	O	Y	■	E	A	S	T	E	R	N
C	■	N	■	R	■	L	■	E	■	E	■	A	■	K
H	E	A	R	T	B	E	A	T	■	S	E	N	N	A
E	■	G	■	C	■	■	■	R	■	■	■	I	■	R
S	C	E	N	A	■	L	E	A	S	T	S	A	I	D
■	■	■	■	R	■	O	■	D	■	R	■	■	■	■
F	O	L	K	D	A	N	C	E	■	A	L	I	B	I
R	■	I	■	■	■	G	■	■	■	C	■	C	■	N
I	N	B	E	D	■	B	R	E	A	K	N	E	C	K
N	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	D	■	D	■	F	■	W
G	O	R	I	L	L	A	■	G	O	O	D	L	I	E
E	■	A	■	F	■	T	■	E	■	W	■	O	■	L
S	A	L	U	T	E	S	■	S	A	N	D	E	E	L

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly; with dinner 6s. 6d., a night or 35s. to 2 gns. weekly. Vic.: 7289.

44 NORFOLK SQUARE, W.2. Room, bath, breakfast, 6s. 6d. per night, h. & c., gas fires, electric light throughout. Minute Tube, 'buses. Paddington 8381.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS, managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

TORQUAY, Howden Court, 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun Lounge. Private bath and sitting-rooms if required, h. and c. in bedrooms. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

ASHDOWN FOREST, Sussex. Beautiful HOME for GUESTS, standing in 7 acres, restful; electric light, central heating; garage, tennis: The Clock House. Nutley, Sussex. Tele.: Nutley 96.

DEVON and CORNWALL. Seaside holidays in beautiful surroundings from £2 18s. 6d. per week inclusive. Free illustrated brochure No. 26, BISHOP, "Fairfield," Dawlish. Tel.: 151.

SLIEVEMORE Hotel, Achill Island, oldest established and largest Hotel on the Island, A.A. and R.I.A.C. appointments. Safe bathing, boating, sea and lake fishing. Beautifully situated at the foot of Slievemore. Ideal centre for Excursions. Fully Licensed. Apply HOPE CLAPHAM.

CHELTENHAM SPA, in the heart of the incomparable Cotswolds, and centre for tours to the Wye and Severn Valleys, Shakespeare's Country, etc. Endless entertainment, sport for all. Illustrated guide free from DEPT. N.S., Town Hall, Cheltenham.

CHAPEL RIDDING, Windermere. Beautiful position. Large gr., garage, cent. heat, all comforts. Mod. terms.

DELIGHTFUL Guest House, overlooking sea, with spacious rooms and grounds, within 4 miles of New Forest. All modern comforts, delicious meatless cuisine. Write for brochure. Gorse Cliff, Milford-on-Sea, Hants.

THE OLD MILL CLUB AND HOTEL,
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Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance.
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Delightful Trips. Excellent Food.
Terms from 3½ gns. per week.

CARLYON BAY, CORNWALL. Stn.: Par (G.W.R.); Mean Winter temperature within 1 of Cannes. Golf. Covered and open-air tennis; Squash rackets; Hunting (3 packs); Shooting; Fishing; Badminton; Glorious Sea Coast. THE CARLYON BAY HOTEL (St. Austell Bay Hotel), THE BAYFORDBURY HOTEL, THE CORNISH RIVIERA CLUB. Also a few furnished cottages with grand sea views. Write: MANAGER Carlyon Bay and Beaches, Ltd. Carlyon Bay, Cornwall. Telephone: Par. 198. London Office: 12A Charterhouse Square, E.C.1. Telephone: Clerkenwell 7847.

THE West of Ireland, Achill Island, finest coast scenery in Western Europe. Ideal for walking and bathing. Eighteen hours from London. Constant hot water, 2 bathrooms. Weekly inclusive terms, £3. MISS T. BLACKHAM, Amethyst House Hotel, Keel, Achill.

WEST HIGHLANDS. At Onich, 10 miles from Fort William, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe, there is a small, quiet and comfortable hotel where no charabanc trade is accepted. Full particulars from MISS M. VELLACOTT, Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

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SUNNIEST spot in PURLEY. Compact house, 400ft. up, facing south. 5 rooms, plus kitchen, large loft, 2 w.c.s, well-built garage. ¼ acre plot, pine spinney, oak-trees, tennis, lawn, etc. For sale August. Box 103, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WELWYN
Easter is late this year, and for once, if you are leaving London for the country you will see the early flowers almost at their best, and will have a fleeting glimpse of the yearly miracle of spring. Doesn't it seem a pity that year after year as you continue to live in London you are losing so much of what the countryside has to offer both in beauty and health. Welwyn combines the comforts of Town life with a real country environment. Within the town itself wide areas are devoted to flowers, lawns, and trees, whilst in all directions woodlands and pastures flank the boundaries. THIS IS NO SUBURB, but a self-contained entity, self-supporting in all respects, yet sufficiently near London to permit of daily travel. Take an opportunity of seeing both the town and the country at Welwyn this Easter. Houses for Sale from £600 to £2,000, or to let from 23s. 6d. per week. Full particulars from N. S. WILLIAMS, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

£2,500 cash buys fully furnished Bungalow on Kootenay Lake, B.C. Immediate possession. Two recep. rooms, about 22×24, 3 bed rooms. Grand piano, electric appliances. In town. Small garden. Good for T.B. Swimming, fishing boating, tennis, golf, big game. Beautiful scenery. Box 118, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

FOR sale, Caravan, 22ft. long, completely furnished; every convenience; three rooms. Spring beds (not bunks). Hostess coal range. Double panelled throughout. Quiet site overlooking miles of South Downs Arun Valley. Village, station, bus garage, post office at hand. Originally £300. Sale, in new condition, £150. Might consider long let. Box 122, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

TO let, unfurnished, CHILTERN HILLS, splendidly situated 600ft. up at Speen, unusual brick bungalow, two large reception rooms, two bedrooms, garage, electricity, telephone, large garden with orchard, etc., running down to beautiful valley, High Wycombe 5 miles. £56 p.a. Also smaller bungalow near-by, £36 p.a. Write: Arundel, Highwood, Speen, Aylesbury. Telephone: Hampden Row 39.

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WANTED, large unfurnished room in Bloomsbury, about 17s. 6d. a week. Box 120, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

WORLD GOLD OUTPUT AND STOCKS—THE COMING INFLATION—CENTRAL ELECTRICITY BOARD

If we may assume that higher commodity prices and better trade will follow sooner or later whenever the world produces more gold or the central banks inflate bank credit by writing up their gold stocks, then the report of the Union Corporation for 1935 should be read by every stock market "bull" who wishes to spend a happy Easter. It is the most exciting document I have read for a long time. Curiously enough, the immediate effect of the increase in the price of gold was a fall in the grade of ore treated in South Africa and a consequent decline in the production of gold on the Rand. However, by 1937 the extension of existing plants and the starting up of the new mines should more than offset the reduction in output due to grade. Thereafter, according to the directors of the Union Corporation, the gold production of South Africa should steadily expand. Last year its output was 10.7 million ounces and in the next five or six years it should approach 15 million ounces. At the same time, the gold output of Soviet Russia is rapidly increasing. Last year its output was 5.6 million ounces and by the end of 1936 the Soviet Government claims that it will be producing 10 million ounces a year. Thus in 1940 the world production of gold may exceed 40 million ounces per annum as compared with 31 million ounces in 1935, 20 million ounces in 1925 and 3½ million ounces in 1850. The following table is instructive:

Gold Consumption and Distribution.

(Figures of Union Corporation: in millions of fine ozs.)

	1929.	1931.	1932.	1933.	1934.	1935.
Non-Monetary Consumption (+) and Releases (−) ..	+6.0	−4.4	−11.0	−7.6	−8.2	−3.3
Gold Production ..	19.6	22.4	24.3	25.4	27.8	31.0
Balance available for Money	13.6	26.8	35.3	33.0	36.0	34.3
Resulting World Stock of Monetary Gold at end of year.. ..	553.6	595.8	631.1	664.1	700.0	734.3

The amount of gold released by India shows a falling tendency but, according to Sir William Foot Mitchell who presided at the general meeting of the Chartered Bank of India, Australasia and China last week, the exports of gold from India since 1931 reached the astonishing figure of £203 millions (say 29 million ounces). To offset the increasing production of gold there may be to some extent (I greatly regret to say it) an increasing demand for monetary purposes. For example, the abandonment of the silver standard by China, which Sir William Foot Mitchell regards as a risky business, may result in the absorption of gold by China in future years. But there is the prospect of a sufficient increase in the world stock of monetised metal to justify the expectation of a gigantic inflation of bank credit and a world trade boom if the dictatorships do not plunge the world into war. The world stock of monetary gold at the end of 1935 amounted to £5,158.5 millions (at 140s. 6d. per ounce), an increase of 4.8 per cent. compared with December, 1934. The United States of America holds some 40 per cent. of the gold stock against 34 per cent. in 1934, France 17 per cent. against 22 per cent., Great Britain 6.4 per cent. against 6.2 per cent. The United States, Great Britain and India, France, Belgium, Holland and Russia hold 526.2 million ounces of gold in their Central Banks and Treasuries (£3,696 millions) and Germany and Italy about 8 million ounces (£56.2 millions). If gold were really important we could laugh at the Fascist dictatorships.

* * *

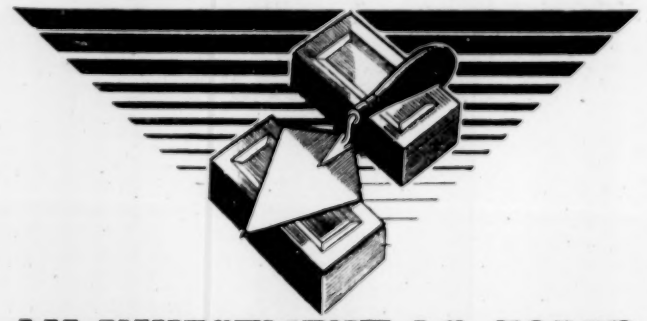
There are still some investors, more politically prejudiced than they would care to admit, who regard Central Electricity Board stocks as risky. They dislike the idea of interest being paid out of capital for a period of years. Yet the idea is sound and was incorporated in the Electricity Supply Act, 1926, so that the benefits of a cheap supply of electricity, arising from the operation of a national grid system, should be made available at the beginning. The Board was authorised to frame a tariff which, allowing for an expected increase in the sale of electricity, would cover all revenue expenditure, including interest and sinking fund charges on the "general purposes" debt, by the end of the allotted span. The only risk of sales falling below the expected increase lay in the fact that the 1926 Act did not give the Board compulsory powers. Generating stations which are not "selected" stations, are not compelled to close down and buy supplies from the "grid" unless the cost of grid supply can be shown to be less than their own cost of production, excluding the capital charges which they would still have to meet. As the grid tariff has to provide for capital charges on generating stations and on the grid it follows that only the non-selected stations with unusually high costs of production can be closed down compulsorily under this test. Nevertheless, the Board has been fortunate. The output of electricity from the public supply system has been in excess of the estimates adopted by the Board in framing their budget. In its eighth report (issued last week) the Board states that since 1929 the aggregate increase in output has been 70 per cent. This remarkable expansion has enabled the Board to show unexpectedly favourable trading results.

* * *

In round figures the Central Electricity Board has borrowed £50 millions—£34 millions for general purposes and £16 millions for standardisation of frequency. Its interest charge last year was £2,107,433 (unreasonably high, because it paid on the average very dearly for its loans) and its sinking funds £299,485. Of these amounts £636,429 interest and £233,420 sinking funds, being applicable to standardisation of frequency, were recovered from the electricity supply companies by levy. The balance of the interest, being for "general purposes," was charged to capital account. Allowing for the sinking fund charges applicable to general purposes the Board's revenue account for 1935 showed a "profit" of £1,021,221. Thus the Board is already earning nearly 70 per cent. of the interest charges on the debt for which it is directly responsible. It is to be congratulated on a fine result. Of course, if the supply companies were nationalised it would be able to cheapen the cost of electricity still further.

* * *

My statistical assistant writes: Please remember that my estimates of Rand gold mining profits, which you rightly described as a waste of time, must be revised in the light of the amortisation allowances. As the official lives of the mines are to be increased by accepting the current price of gold, the amortisation allowances will be reduced. If profits are so increased, taxation payments will be increased. Why *did* you want my estimates?



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ALLIED LONDON PROPERTY SOCIETY LTD

Company Meeting

VICKERS LIMITED

THE Annual Meeting was held in London on Friday last. The Hon. Sir Herbert A. Lawrence, G.C.B., Chairman, presiding, said (in part):

The accounts which you have before you show that the net profits for the past year were £928,105, an increase of £314,844 compared with those of 1934. After the transfer of £242,009 to Reserve your directors recommend the payment of a dividend of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary Share Capital and an increase in the Carry Forward of £13,386.

VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS LTD.—During last year considerable progress, both as regards orders booked and work completed, was made in all the shipyards and works of the company and its subsidiaries and associated companies. We are still pursuing our policy of bringing all the production plant of the various works and companies up to a condition of full efficiency. This has meant considerable capital expenditure, but the results as regards quality, speed and cost of production have already shown that the confidence we have placed in the management in this respect has been fully justified. We are confident that the companies can undertake such work as is entrusted to them under the Government defence programme in a well ordered manner.

During the year we have continued to develop our commercial engineering business, and have executed large orders for cement machinery at our Barrow Works. At Elswick, in addition to the manufacture of naval and military equipments, we have executed large orders for heavy mechanical presses.

ENGLISH STEEL CORPORATION LTD. has made further marked progress. For the first time in its history the Corporation has paid a dividend—7 per cent. on the Preferred Ordinary Shares and 20 per cent. (free of Income Tax) on the Deferred Ordinary Shares. The Chairman then dealt with other subsidiary companies and concluded saying:

The one hope for the future is that the League should be reconstituted on an economic basis to include those great countries like Germany, Italy, Japan and the United States of America and that the nations of the world should unite in seeking a solution of the problem which impedes the recovery of international trade. This is the only sure road to peace in the world to-day, and it is a peaceful world which in the end really benefits great trading concerns like yours. The suggestion that has been made that wars are fomented by preparedness for defence is groundless. The real cause of war, in the past, as in the future, is economic in nature and avoidance of war will be successful just so far as that principle is recognised. The report was unanimously adopted.

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GWR